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ILLNESS OF HENRY MARTYN.

✓  
LABOURERS IN THE EAST;

OR

MEMOIRS OF EMINENT MEN

WHO WERE DEVOTED TO THE

SERVICE OF CHRIST IN INDIA.

CONTAINING ABRIDGED BIOGRAPHIES

OF THE

✓  
REV. DR. BUCHANAN, REV. HENRY MARTYN, AND  
REV. DAVID BROWN. ✓

“These were the renowned of the congregation—heads of thousands in Israel.”

BY THE AUTHOR OF “LILY DOUGLAS,” “PIERRE AND HIS FAMILY,” &c.

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THE disadvantages under which any one would labour who should attempt an abridged narrative of 'Lives' so full of interest, and written with so much beauty, as those of Buchanan and Martyn, must be obvious to any reader, but peculiarly so to the reader of taste and discrimination; and from such, with an immediate recognition of the difficulty, a generous abatement of critical rigour may be expected. To others, not so willing to make the same allowance, it may be proper to state, that the following abridgment has not been written with a view to meet the perusal of any one already acquainted with the original Memoirs, but that it is expressly designed for those young people who have no access to large and expensive works, or who, if they had, would not be disposed to read any thing very voluminous.



LABOURERS IN THE EAST;

CONTAINING

MEMOIRS OF THE

REV. CLAUDIUS BUCHANAN,

REV. HENRY MARTYN—and

REV. DAVID BROWN.



# MEMOIRS

OF THE

REV. CLAUDIUS BUCHANAN.

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WE purpose to exhibit to our dear young readers, the worth and grandeur of true religion, when operating not on the heart and affections of those only who may be supposed more inclined to feel, than to reason on the subject, but also on the heart, and on the highest powers of intellectual man. Leading him to devote himself, with all his strength of mind—with soul, body, and spirit, to the service of God, his Maker, and, by the blessing of the Almighty upon his exertions, benefiting, not one dear individual only, not one little family, or one little neighbour-

hood—no, nor even one great and populous city; but traversing the earth, and leaving behind him, at every step, a track of heavenly light, putting into operation means that shall, eventually, bring salvation to “nations and to people,” to the inhabitants of islands, and continents, and creating for himself, though unwittingly, a name that shall last for many ages, and a memorial that shall be dear to many generations.

If you ask, by what power these great things have been done, or can be done, our answer is, by the power of the grace of God. Of the several remarkable men whose lives are here delineated, truth requires us to say, that, before being converted by the word and spirit of God, they were, as all men are by nature, born sinners, and therefore utterly incapable of proposing to themselves, any object so high or so holy, as that of living to the glory of God. You are not therefore to expect that the subject of this memoir, or even the interesting being who forms the subject of that which is to follow it, can be introduced to you in any other character. It is for you, in the exercise of the faculties bestowed on you, to mark well that previous

character; to note the beginning, progress, and increase of grace in the hearts and lives of those eminent individuals, whose histories you are about to peruse; that, in the process of judging them, you may be led to judge yourself; that, in examining their motives of action, you may be brought to examine your own; that, in proving them by their fruits, you may also prove your own self. And if, after such a scrutiny, you unhappily discover no consciousness of a work of grace on your own soul—then give not sleep to your eyes, nor slumber to your eyelids, till, with all the importunity which, as a sinner, you are authorized to employ, you have entreated God to begin it; and, once begun, God himself will perfect that which concerneth thee; and never will he forsake, the work of his own hand.

CLAUDIUS BUCHANAN, of whose life we now attempt to present you with a brief memoir, was born at Cambuslang, near Glasgow, on the 12th of March, 1766. His father, Mr. Alexander Buchanan, was a man of respectable learning, and excellent character; a teacher of youth; and for some

months previous to his death, rector of the grammar-school at Falkirk. His mother was the daughter of Mr. Claudius Somers, an elder of the church at Cambuslang, at the remarkable period of the great "awakening" there, or at the time when those interesting events took place, which must be familiar to every one who is at all acquainted with the history of Mr. Whitefield's visits to the west of Scotland, particularly in the year 1742.

Among those to whom the ministrations of that celebrated preacher were blessed, was Mr. Claudius Somers, whose piety was imbibed by his daughter; and thus young Buchanan could boast a descent which might well be deemed most enviable, especially as he inherited, together with a pious, though humble ancestry, the blessing of a religious education. And though the seed sown in the morning, did lie long among the clods of the valley—yet also, after many days, it did spring up, and brought forth much fruit—even the beautiful fruits of holiness, which are, "by Jesus Christ, unto the praise and glory of God."

In the year 1773, Buchanan was sent to



the grammar-school at Inverary, in Argyllshire, where he made considerable proficiency in the Latin and Greek languages, and where he continued till 1779. In the following year, being then about fourteen years of age, he was engaged as tutor to the two sons of Mr. Campbell of Dunstaffnage, in which situation he remained about two years. When under the paternal roof, Buchanan had not been without serious impressions, and is said to have recollected the peculiar kindness and pious instructions of his grandfather, long after he ceased to follow his advice. While at Dunstaffnage, he was again under impressions of a religious nature; and for a few months spent much time in devotion, amidst the rocks on the sea shore, near that place. His convictions however appear to have been of short continuance—dissipated and dispersed by idle companions, and, as “the morning cloud and the early dew,” soon passed away.

In the year 1782, Buchanan left Dunstaffnage, for the purpose of prosecuting his studies at the College of Glasgow, whither he went, and where he remained that and the following year; but, in 1784, he appears to

have relinquished his studies at Glasgow; and we find him acting as tutor to the sons of Mr. Campbell of Knockmelly, in the island of Islay. In the following year he appears engaged in the same office, but in a different family, that of Mr. Campbell of Carradale in Kintyre. In the year 1786 he returned to the College at Glasgow, where, being, intended for the ministry, in the church of Scotland, he continued pursuing his various studies during the period of the College session; and afterwards returning to Carradale, he resumed his former employment till the autumn following, when, from the circumstance of an imprudent attachment to a young lady of superior rank and fortune, then on a visit to the family, it probably became expedient for him to change his situation; and, with a romance of feeling not uncommon to youth, Buchanan resolved, like the prodigal of old, to take his journey into a far country, not for the purpose of wasting his substance, but, probably, with some kind of indefinite hope of creating a fortune for himself, and thereby, as the attachment was mutual, being enabled, in the course of time, to remove the obstacles which separated him

from the object of his affection. While Buchanan, urged by his passion, thus resolved to leave his parents, it would have been well if he had not also resolved to deceive them. We are sorry to add that he did; and that he invented a story, wherein he pretended that he had been invited by an English gentleman to accompany his son upon a tour to the Continent; and, as Buchanan was intended for the church, his friends thought such an engagement offered some present advantages, and also held out hopes of procuring his advancement in future, and accordingly assented to the proposal. The history of this tour, alone, and on foot, without money and without friends, with the manner in which he expected to defray his travelling expenses, we leave Mr. Buchanan to recount in his own words:—

“I had,” says he, “the example of the celebrated Dr. Goldsmith before me, who travelled through Europe on foot, and supported himself by playing on his flute. I could play a little on the violin, and on this I relied for occasional support during my long and various travels.

“In August, 1787, having put on plain

clothes, becoming my apparent situation, I left Edinburgh on foot, with the intention of travelling to London, and thence to the Continent. That very violin which I now have, and the case which contains it, I had then under my arm, and thus I travelled onward. After I had proceeded some days on my journey, and had arrived at a part of the country where I thought I could not be known, I called at gentlemen's houses, and farm houses, where I was in general kindly lodged. They were very well pleased with my playing reels to them; and I sometimes received five shillings, sometimes half-a-crown, and sometimes nothing but my dinner. Wherever I went, people appeared to be struck a little at my appearance; particularly, if they entered into conversation with me. They were often very inquisitive, and I sometimes was at a loss what to say. I professed to be a musician travelling through the country for his subsistence; but this appeared very strange to some, and they wished to know where I obtained my learning, for sometimes pride, and sometimes accident, would call forth expressions, in the course of conversation, which excited their surprise.

I was often invited to stay for some time at a particular place; but this I was afraid of doing, lest I might be discovered. It was nearly a month I believe, before I arrived on the borders of England, and in that time many singular occurrences befel me. I once or twice met persons whom I had known, and narrowly escaped discovery. Sometimes I had nothing to eat, and had nowhere to rest at night; but, notwithstanding, I kept steady to my purpose, and pursued my journey. Before, however, I reached the borders of England, I would gladly have returned, but I could not: the die was cast, my pride would have impelled me to suffer death, I think, rather than to have exposed my folly; and I pressed forward.

“When I arrived at Newcastle, I felt tired of my long journey, and found that it was indeed hard to live on the benevolence of others. I therefore resolved to proceed to London by water, for I did not want to travel in my own country, but on the Continent. I accordingly embarked in a collier at North Shields, and sailed for London. On the third night of the voyage we were in danger of being cast away, during a gale of

wind; and then for the first time, I began to reflect seriously on my situation.”

On the 2d of September, Mr. Buchanan arrived safely in London, his spirits so much exhausted by distress and poverty that he relinquished the idea of going abroad, and attempted to procure some situation, as usher or clerk, but without success. He lived for some time in obscure lodgings, by selling his books and clothes, but was soon reduced to the lowest extreme of wretchedness, not having often bread to eat. “Little did my mother think,” he writes, “when she dreamed that she saw her son fatigued with his wanderings, and oppressed with a load of wo, glad to lie down and sleep away his cares on a little straw, that her dream was so near the truth! What a reverse of fortune was this! But even in this extremity of misery my eyes were not opened. I saw, indeed, my folly, but I saw not my sin: my pride, even then, was unsubdued; and I was constantly anticipating scenes of future grandeur, and indulging myself in the pleasures of the imagination.”

After enduring this misery for many months, Buchanan offered himself as clerk

to an attorney, according to an advertisement in the newspapers, and was accepted. He afterwards obtained a better situation with another gentleman in the law; and lastly, engaged with a solicitor in the city, with whom he remained nearly three years. Here he was enabled to live like a gentleman, and quite gave up his intention of going abroad. "But"—and we add it in Buchanan's own words—for however shocking it was to be guilty of such duplicity, surely the ingenuousness and love of truth, which finally prompted the confession of it, is to be admired—"But," says Mr. Buchanan, "during a great part of this time, I corresponded with my friends in Scotland, as from abroad, writing very rarely, but always giving my mother pleasing accounts of my health and situation."

From one of the memoranda, mostly written in Latin, from which the preceding quotations are derived, it appears, says his biographer, that Mr. Buchanan's father died precisely a twelve-month after his son's departure from Scotland. Whatever Buchanan's feelings were on hearing this intelligence, which was communicated to him by

his mother, no notice is taken of them in his diary; he merely mentions that his widowed parent had written to him on the subject of a monument to his late father, to which he replied by a letter, dated 12th May, *from Florence*, which he despatched on the 25th following.

In all this time Mr. Buchanan, though thus imposing on the unsuspecting confidence of his mother, was not without many "compunctious visitings:" and, in a fever which he had in 1789, he appears to have had many uncomfortable reflections on the tenour of his past conduct, and to have formed many good resolutions in regard to the future; but still being ignorant of his own weakness, and of *His* strength without whom we can do nothing, but by whose grace enabling us we can do all things, those resolutions, as might be expected, were never accomplished. His own account of himself, during his absence from his native country, and his first deep and real convictions of the error of his way, and the dawnings of the day-star in his heart, we shall give as nearly in his own words as our limits will permit.



“Since my coming to London,” he observes, “until June last, I led a very dissipated, irreligious life. Some gross sins I avoided, but pride was in my heart; I profaned the Lord’s day without restraint, and never thought of any religious duty. Thus I lived till within these few months—exactly three years since my voluntary banishment from my native country—three tedious years! and, for any thing I could have done myself, I might have remained in the same state for thirty years longer. But the period was now arrived when the mercy of God, which had always accompanied me, was to be manifested in a singular manner. I had a very strong sense of religion when I was about the age of fourteen, and I used often to reflect on that period; but I had not, I believe, the least idea of the nature of the gospel. It was in the year 1790 that my heart was first effectually impressed, in consequence of an acquaintance with a religious young man.”

On a Sabbath evening this young man had called for Mr. Buchanan; and, knowing him to be religious, Mr. Buchanan, in compliment to his visiter, gave the conversation a

serious turn. "Among other things," says he, "I asked him whether he believed there was such a thing as Divine grace? He took occasion from this inquiry, to enlarge much upon the subject; he spoke with zeal and earnestness, and mostly in Scripture language, and concluded with a very affecting address to the conscience and heart. I had not the least desire, that I recollect, of being benefited by this conversation; but while he spoke, I listened to him with earnestness, and, before I was aware, a most powerful impression was made upon my mind, and I conceived the instant resolution of reforming my life. - On that evening I had an engagement which I could not now approve. Notwithstanding what had passed, however, I resolved to go; but as I went along, reflecting on what I had heard, I half wished that it might not be kept. It turned out as I desired: I hurried home and locked myself up in my chamber; I fell on my knees and endeavoured to pray; but I could not. I tried again, but I was not able; I thought it was an insult to God for *me* to pray; I reflected on my past sins with horror, and spent the night I know not how. The next day my

fears wore off a little, but they soon returned. I anxiously awaited the arrival of Sunday, but when it came I found no relief. After some time I communicated my situation to my religious friend: he prayed with me, and next Sunday I went to hear an eminent minister. This was a great relief to me; I thought I had found a physician: but alas! though I prayed often every day, and often at night, listlessness and languor seized me. Sometimes hope, sometimes fear, presented itself, and I became very uncomfortable. Going one morning to a bath, I found on a shelf, *Doddridge's Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul*. This book, I thought, just suited me. I accordingly read it with deep attention, and prayed over it. I next procured *Alleine's Alarm*, and dwelt on it for some time. My friend gave me *Boston's Fourfold State*. This book I read carefully, and I hope it did me some good. I now secluded myself entirely from my companions on Sunday; and, during the week, the moment business was done, I went home to my studies, and have since wholly withdrawn myself from pleasure and amusement.

In this manner have I passed the *seven last months* (prior to February 1791,) *continually praying for a new heart, and a more perfect discovery of my sins.* Sometimes I think I am advancing a little, at others I fear I am further from Heaven than ever. O! the prevalence of habit! it is not without reason that it has sometimes been called a second nature. Nothing but the hand of the Almighty, who created me, can change my heart. About two months ago, I wrote my mother some particulars of my state, and requested her prayers, for she is a pious woman. In her answer, written by my sister, is the following passage. ‘My mother has heard much of Mr. Newton, Rector of St. Mary Woolnoth, London, and wishes that you would cultivate an acquaintance with him, if it is in your power.’ On the receipt of my mother’s letter, I immediately reflected that I had heard there was a crowded audience at a church in Lombard street. Thither I accordingly went the next Sunday evening and”—this letter was itself addressed to the venerable Newton, pastor of that church—“and when you spoke, I thought I

heard the words of eternal life. I listened with avidity, and wished that you had preached till midnight.”

These pleasing impressions, however were not permanent. Mr. Buchanan’s sanguine hopes, that he was instantly to be delivered from the weight that bore down his spirit to the earth, were disappointed; and he afterwards adds—“I have now learned how unreasonable was such an early expectation: I have been taught to *wait patiently* upon God, who waited so long for *me*.”

“You say,” he continues, still writing anonymously, “You say many things that touch my heart deeply, and I trust your ministry has, in some degree, been blessed to me; but your subjects are generally addressed to those who are already established in the faith, or to those who have not sought God at all: Will you then drop one word to me? if there is any comfort in the word of life for such as I am, O shed a little of it in my heart. O, Sir, what shall I do to inherit eternal life? I see I cannot be happy even in this life till I make my peace with God; but how shall I make that peace? If the world were my inheritance, I would sell it

to purchase that pearl of great price. How I weep when I read of the prodigal son, as described by our Lord! I would walk many miles to hear a sermon from 2 Chron. chap. xxxiii. 12th and 13th verses.”

The preceding letter was addressed to Mr. Newton without either signature or place of abode. Therefore, however deeply interested in the person by whom it was written, Mr. Newton had no way of access to him, but by stating from the pulpit, that if the writer of such a letter would call on him, he should be happy to converse with him on the subject of his communication.

Accordingly, Mr. Buchanan waited upon Mr. Newton two days after, and was received with all the tenderness of a father. In him, Mr. Buchanan found an “enlightened and experienced guide, a wise and faithful counsellor, and at length a steady and affectionate friend; while Mr. Newton discovered in the stranger who had thus remarkably been made known to him, one who displayed talents and dispositions, which appeared to him capable of being beneficially employed in the service of their common Lord and Master:” and that such a service was pre-

cisely that which the heart of Buchanan now began to aspire after—will be seen by the following letter addressed to Mr. Newton about a fortnight after the date of the preceding :

“Yesterday morning,” he says, “I went to hear Dr. J. Near the conclusion of the service, I was insensibly led to admire this passage of the prophet Isaiah—‘How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the gospel of peace!’ It occurred to me that that enviable office was once designed for *me*; that I was called to the ministry as it were from my infancy. For my pious grandfather chose me from among my mother’s children to live with him himself. He adopted me as his own child, and took pleasure in forming my mind to the love of God. He warmly encouraged my parents’ design of bringing me up to the ministry. I particularly recollect the last time I saw this good grand-father. The first season of my being at college I paid him a visit. After asking me some particulars relating to my studies, he put the following question to me: ‘What end I had in view in becoming a minister of the gospel?’ I hesitated a moment, thinking,

I suppose, of some temporal blessing. But he put an answer into my mouth. ‘With a view,’ no doubt, said he, ‘to the glory of God.’ ”

This circumstance seemed at the moment to have made a deep impression upon the mind of Buchanan; and, recurring to him at this time, brought back with it strong desires to pursue that destination on earth, which his good grandfather fondly anticipated for him in his youth. “This day,” he says, “I still cherish the idea with delight; but I am much discouraged when I reflect on my weak abilities, my slender knowledge, my defective expression, and my advanced age. I am now four and twenty, and, if I prosecute this new desire, I must return to the studies of fourteen.”

Mr. Newton warmly approved the wishes of Buchanan to devote himself to the service of Christ in the gospel; and, desiring him to leave every thing with God, pointed out the means to be employed till the Lord in his providence should open his way more clearly. Meanwhile he advised him to acquaint his mother with every circumstance of his situation, and request her advice and approba-



tion. This he accordingly did, and, after detailing in the most ingenuous manner the history of the past, he thus concludes his letter:

“And now, my dear mother, how are you affected by this account? Is your heart ready to welcome the return of your long lost son? or does it reject, with just indignation, so much unworthiness? Whatever may be your emotions, I pray God, who has been so gracious to *me*, to bless this dispensation to *you*. The veil which was between us is at length rent, and I am in peace, for, believe me, *I have not till now enjoyed a day of peace since I left my father's house*. I once thought I would rather suffer torture than betray my secret; but my ‘sinews of iron’ are become like those of a child. Nothing less than what I have suffered could have softened so hard a heart as mine, and not even that, unless accompanied by the power of God.” Mr. Buchanan, after unboasting himself to his dear and excellent mother, wrote again to Mr. Newton, which letter he closes in the following words:—“My desires of returning to my first pursuit, the ministry, still continue, and, I think, increase.

Blackstone says, that to have a competent knowledge of the law requires the 'lucubrations of twenty years:' I once had the low ambition of being such a lawyer. But I am now so impressed with the dignity and importance of the office of the ministry, that I would, with pleasure, sit down to-morrow, and devote, not the lucubrations of twenty years alone, but all my life to it. But alas! my present situation militates much against my wishes. O that He who has led me thus far would graciously direct my steps!"

Mr. Buchanan, for three months after the date of this letter, continued, as usual, his former employment in the law, only adding to his other studies the cultivation of religion in his soul, and its practice in his life. In the month of July he again wrote to Mr. Newton, complaining of the slowness of his progress in this divine study, and of the melancholy discoveries, doubtless, which, day by day, the spirit of grace would enable him to make into the secret faults and errors of his heart. He then informs his friend of one remaining source of comfort possessed by him, namely the letters of his dear correspondent in Scotland. "My mother," he

says, " writes thus to me :—' The hint you gave me in your last of joining the Church of England, caused me, at first, some uneasiness. I hope you will forgive this. I find now that the difference between the two churches consists more in discipline than in doctrine. I am, therefore, easy in mind whichever way the providence of God may see fit to guide you. I am happy that you consulted your Bible, and sought the Lord's direction on this occasion. If you cast your burden upon him, he will direct you aright. Since you were a boy, it was impressed upon my mind that some time or other you would be a good man. I own, of late years, I was beginning to lose my hope, particularly on the supposition of your going abroad. I thought with myself, this is not God's usual way of bringing sinners to himself. But the word of consolation often came in remembrance, that ' God is a God afar off.' O how merciful has he been to you! in concealing your miserable situation, till grace brought it to light! I do believe the discovery a year ago would——But these recollections are painful; therefore I forbear. What comforting letters have you sent us! Could a

thousand pounds a-year have afforded an equal consolation? Impossible!"—It is not the smallest of my comforts," added Mr. Buchanan, "that I have such a mother as this."

About this time, it appears, Mr. Newton had introduced his young friend, Buchanan, to the notice, and, as will be seen, to the distinguished patronage of the late Mr. Henry Thornton—"a name which is associated in almost every mind, with that of philanthropy, and Christian charity"—who soon offered to send Buchanan to Cambridge at his own expense, that he might enter the church with every possible advantage, and be fitted for a high and extensive sphere of usefulness. This munificent proposal, worthy of a Thornton to make, and highly honourable to him who was the object of it, "was received, by Buchanan, with those mingled feelings of gratitude and humility, which were the surest pledges," says his biographer, "that the benevolent exertions of his patron would not be in vain."

To Mr. Newton, who was then in the country, Buchanan thus writes at this time:—"I was emancipated from the law a few

days ago, and am now willing to enter into the eternal bonds of the gospel. I wish to devote my greatest attention to the Bible, and am desirous of adopting some regular plan in studying it. The Bible appears to me like a confused heap of polished stones prepared for a building, which must be brought together, and each of them fitted to its place, before the proportion and symmetry of the temple appear. I would fain hope that the foundation-stone is laid with me; but the raising of the superstructure appears an arduous undertaking; and the pinnacle of the temple is quite out of sight, even in idea. I never felt myself in more need of divine direction than now. When I consider myself so evidently called forth on the Lord's side, my heart is faint, and I am apt to say, 'Who is sufficient for these things?' I find I am unable to go through the important studies before me, unless I am led every step. At present, it appears to me that my whole business at the University is contained in one line of Paul, 'to be enriched with all utterance and all knowledge,' or in other words, 'to be eloquent and mighty in the Scriptures,' which are said to have been the

accomplishments of the preacher Apollos. But I find that I must attend to various branches of human learning, for which, at present, I have no relish. Alas! Sir, if Paul had sent Timothy and Titus to College, they would have complained too of such a plan; but he would, perhaps, have answered, as he does somewhere, ‘Till I come, give attendance to reading’—‘that ye may know how ye ought to answer every man.’”

At Michaelmas term, 1791, Mr. Buchanan was admitted a member of Queen’s College, Cambridge. He left London on Monday the 24th of October, exactly four years and two months from the time of his entering it. On the day preceding his departure, he was engaged in earnest prayer for a blessing on his journey, and its consequences, and that he might be favoured with pious companions in his studies. To the latter petition he received an early answer, in the acquaintance of a gentleman who went down with him in the coach, who, like himself had once been a student in Glasgow, and had since spent years in folly, but who was now about to qualify himself for preaching the unsearchable riches of Christ.

We shall not enter upon the nature of Mr. Buchanan's studies at College, because, we think, our young readers would not understand much about mathematics, and logic, and classics, and metaphysics; neither shall we say whether he entered as a sizar, or was admitted as a pensioner; for, we suppose, that is a subject on which they are not much better informed than ourselves: but we shall give them a few precious passages, from letters of no common interest, written at different times, and under the impulse of different feelings, while he was a student at the University; and may they prove a means of grace to you, dear reader, and to us. The first we shall quote is rather of a melancholy character, but, though Buchanan therein appears to be 'cast down, he yet is not in despair.' "I often meditate," he writes, "on the vanity of life, and the insufficiency of the world to confer happiness. Were I assured of my interest in the Redeemer, I should long for my departure. What is there to detain me here? I have no tie to this world, no earthly possession, no person, if I except my mother, for whose sake I desire to live; no idol of any kind. What then should induce

me to linger here, groaning, as I do, daily with sin, and combating a powerful spiritual enemy? Nothing ought to urge me to stay, but a desire to promote the glory of God, among men. But this desire is with me so weak at present, as scarcely to deserve the name. It is but a spark. This is my unhappiness. Yet the goodness of God may, in his own time, fan it into a flame.”

While Mr. Buchanan found himself occasionally weak in body, and weak in spirit, on account of the unfavourable effect which his secular studies sometimes produced upon his devotional feelings, yet there were other times when his experience was sweeter, and more pleasing. Writing to Mr. Newton, he says—“I ought to thank you for your letter. There is an indescribable something which pervades the whole of it, and seems to intimate, that all is peace and tranquillity within the mind of the writer. What an enviable frame of spirit does *he* possess who walks with God!—About a fortnight ago, a dawn of that light, with which, I suppose, the Lord irradiates the souls of those that walk with him, shone upon my mind, and by its lustre showed me some things I had not



seen before. I prayed often that this impression might not leave me; but alas! it did leave me; no doubt it was my own fault. I would walk three times round the globe to attain it again; but no such great thing is required of me. I have only to believe.

“After what you have said on the subject of disappointment, I am resolved never to be disappointed; but it is a resolution which I fear I cannot keep. Let me pray for grace. If I possessed this fountain, all streams would be mine; and, among the rest, the Christian grace of considering nothing, in the providence of God, a disappointment.”

During the long vacation, it was proposed to Mr. Buchanan to allow himself a little relaxation from study; and his friend Mr. Newton invited him to pass the time with him in London. This, however, he declined, as well as the offer of an excursion with a Cambridge friend, and remained in College during the whole of the vacation.

“It would be very pleasing,” he says, “to make a short tour with a proper companion, but I think I could not do it without danger

to myself. If I were somewhat advanced in the Christian life, and more stable in the way of truth, I perhaps might; but, at present I cannot, dare not trust the deceitfulness of my own heart. In the retirement of a College, I am unable to repress evil thoughts and vain wishes; how then must it be abroad? Besides I find that the art of study is difficult to attain. The greatest danger lies in breaking the thread of attention. On whatever study my mind is fixed, *that* study I can with pleasure resume; but if an interval of a day intervene, my attention is disengaged, I am conscious that I have lost a day as to that study, and find it irksome to begin anew. But if, instead of a day, an interval of a month were to intervene, it would be a Herculean labour to resume it."

The following letter to Mr. Newton, seems to intimate, that Mr. Buchanan's venerable friend had some thoughts of proposing that he should assist him in his pastoral duties in London; but as nothing particular is specified, further than what occurs in the following letter, the object alluded to remains a matter of mere conjecture:

"You do me great honour in the proposal

you have made. I would rather serve you in your old age, than a sceptre-bearing king. But I much fear that my services at so early a period would be weak and inadequate. It will be like taking a babe out of his cradle to support the steps of his aged parent. But I am in God's hands. Whatever he sees fit for me to do, I hope he will incline my heart and enable me to do it. But, as I cannot expect that he will work a miracle, by qualifying me for his service at once, it is certainly my duty to resort to the means *now*, and pray for his blessing on his own studies: surely I ought not to procrastinate.

“You ask me whether I would prefer preaching the gospel to the fame of learning? Aye, that would I gladly. Were I convinced it was the will of God, that I should depart this night for Nova Zembla, or the Antipodes, to testify of *Him*, I would not wait for an audit, or a college exit. There is nothing to be found here to satisfy my mind. There are indeed many gaudy vanities of specious appearance, pleasing to my carnal eye; but, if I know my own heart, the Lord Jesus is at this moment more lovely to me than the loveliest object which the eye can

see, or fancy paint. And though I know him not, as I could wish, yet is he precious. He is that pearl which I would willingly buy at the price of all the laurels which science ever bore. But I speak this in *his* strength. *I wish not to be tried with wealth, honour, or the applause of men.* Lord, my affections are now in thy possession. O keep them there.

“You ask me what are my views? Dear Sir, what views can I have? God has views concerning me; I have none. He best knows why he brought me hither: I know not. Once I thought as he wrought so wondrously for me, he surely meant me for an eminent preacher of the gospel. Pride dictated this. I have now no such high thoughts of myself. I am in some degree sensible, that if I ever serve him at all, I shall be one of the weakest servants. Nevertheless, with all my defects, I know the divine power. I have laid my hand to the plough: he can make me useful.”

The following letter to Mr. Newton, is so expressive of a heart and spirit devoted, with all its affections, to God as the supreme good, that it must be read by every pious mind, with feelings almost approaching to envy.

“I dare not tell you what I am, but I can tell you what I pray for. I pray that I may be content to be of no reputation among men, knowing that if I am truly wise, I must become a fool among the ungodly; that I may patiently submit to indignity and reproach, for Christ’s sake; and that my whole life may be devoted to his service; that for this purpose I may diligently improve the talent committed to me, however little it may be; and that when I go forth into the ministry, I may not seek self, but Christ; content to be unnoticed, dead to the censure or applause of men; alive to God and his concerns, and chiefly solicitous that my preaching—however rude I may be in speech—may be powerful in awakening souls. These are my prayers in 1793, as to the event of my studies. I trust the Lord that he will keep me; that he will put his fear into my heart, that I may not depart from him.

“You talk to me of academical reputation and dignity. If I were Regius Professor of Divinity to-morrow, I would resign the dignity to any man for a little brokenness of heart. The summit of my ambition, if I

know my own mind, is to be daily more conformed to Christ, to be enabled to follow that great Sufferer, and to rejoice to be counted worthy to suffer shame for his sake.

“As to my future situation in the ministry, to which you allude at the close of your letter, that subject is very little in my thoughts. God has done the greater; shall he not do the less? If he means me to preach his gospel, then is the pulpit prepared, and the flock which I must tend. At present I feel ready to go wherever he pleases to send me; whether to India, America, or New Holland, or if there be any other land more remote. I have already seen life in various shapes; and, if I have been enabled to bear with difficulties, when without God in the world, much more when engaged in his service, aided by his Spirit, and supported by his presence. If the Lord will, I should be very well pleased to enter his service under your advice and example. I hope that the first year I stay with you, I shall learn humility; the second, humility; and the third humility.”

Sometime in the year 1794, the first proposal appears to have been made to Mr. Bu-

chanan, to go out to India; his reply to Mr. Newton, on this occasion, was as follows:

“I request you to accept my thanks for the affectionate letter which I have just now read. I have only time to say, that with respect to my going to India, I must decline giving an opinion. It would argue a mind ill instructed in the school of Christ, to pretend to decide on an event so important and unexpected; an event which will, doubtless, give a complexion to the happiness and usefulness of every hour of my future life. It is with great pleasure I submit this matter to the determination of yourself, and Mr. Thornton, and Mr. Grant. All I wish to ascertain is the will of God. I hope that the result of your deliberations will prove to be his will.”

After speaking with great modesty and humility, of his own inabilities for the office in question, he adds, “On the contrary, if the Lord does with me as with Jeremiah, and bids a child go and teach a great nation, it would be vain to plead my incapacity, since if he sends me, he will certainly ‘touch my mouth.’ Only I would observe, that, in the present state of Christianity, it would appear,

that as strict attention ought to be paid to human means in our endeavours to promote the success of the gospel, as if it were merely a human dispensation.”

In a subsequent letter upon the same topic, Mr. Buchanan expresses himself thus:—  
“Being unable to judge for myself, I submit it to the Divine direction with perfect resignation. So gracious is He who careth for me in this respect, that your determination, whether for, or against my going, will be alike agreeable to me. I am equally ready to preach the gospel, in the next village, or at the end of the earth.”

Mr. Buchanan having gone through his course of academical studies at Cambridge, taken his degree of A. B. and been ordained a deacon on the 20th of September, 1795, by the bishop of London, immediately entered upon his engagement as curate to Mr. Newton, where he continued to discharge the humble duties of his office till March following, when he was appointed one of the chaplains to the East India Company. Soon after this appointment, he received priest's orders from the same bishop; and, in May, went down to Scotland to take leave of his



family prior to his departure for India. And then doubtless his dear mother would not only rejoice in having “found that which was lost,” but would call on her “friends and neighbours to rejoice with her also.”

Mr. Buchanan, recommended and accredited by some of the first persons in London to those of the first respectability in Calcutta, and particularly to the Rev. David Brown, afterwards his dear and inestimable friend, left London for Portsmouth on the 30th of July, 1796, and on the 11th August embarked on board the *Busbridge*, East Indiaman, commanded by Captain Dobree, and sailed for Bengal: And—we are sorry our limits do not admit any relation of the voyage—on the 10th of March, 1797, Mr. Buchanan landed at Calcutta, two days before he completed the 31st year of his age.

On his arrival in India, he took up his residence for a short time in the house of Mr. Brown, where he was hospitably received, and, after two months, proceeded to the military station of Barrackpore, to which he had been appointed chaplain. But here he found few opportunities for the exercise of his sacred functions, as the staff to which

he was attached never required his services, and Barrackpore was destitute of a place for public worship. In this state of seclusion and of comparative uselessness, at least total inactivity, the spirits of Buchanan were greatly depressed—"I often compare myself," he says, in a letter to Mr. Brown—"in my present exile, to John in the island of Patmos. Would that, like him, I had finished my course, and had only to contemplate 'the new heavens!' But I am a stranger to suffering for the word of God, and the testimony of Christ Jesus.—I sigh much for that singleness of mind, and purity of heart, and love to God, which distinguish the disciple of Christ. And I often wonder whether it is to be effected by keen affliction in body and spirit, or by the power of the word of God, dividing asunder like a two-edged sword, or by long fighting and sorrowful experience slowly teaching, and ending with a doubt whether I am taught."

But though Mr. Buchanan's situation at Barrackpore did not admit of his active exertions as a pastor, it gave much leisure for his own improvement in those languages which he was necessarily called to study in

India. The following letter to Mr. Thornton shows that his pursuits were not without deep interest:

“As the friend of my early studies, you will be desirous to know in what way they have been occupied since my arrival in India. I am now proceeding in a work which I begun when I last enjoyed retirement, viz. a serious, and I may say, laborious examination of the Scriptures in the original tongues. The meaning of the Holy Spirit in Scripture is the ‘one thing needful’ for the student. This severity of investigation reminds me of my mathematical vigils. Some have considered that interval at college as the most useful era in the history of the mind. It shows what powers of application the soul possesses on a subject it loves; even such application as Paul recommends to Timothy, who was engaged in my present studies—‘Exist, or live in them.’

“This, Sir, is a climate which tries the mind like a furnace. Were God to grant me a peculiar blessing, it would be the habit of industry whilst I remain in this country.

“I have a moonshee in the house to in-

struct me in the Hindoostanee and Persian languages. Not knowing what may be the purpose of God concerning me, I have thought it my duty to attend early to the languages of the country, and to the constitution, civil and religious, of the mixed people in it."

Early in the year 1798 Mr. Buchanan wrote to Mr. Grant in the following terms, somewhat despondent, as might naturally have been expected from such a man in such circumstances:

"MY DEAR SIR,

"I have now been near a year in this country, and have not yet had the satisfaction of hearing from you. I wish to know what you think of my voyage to the east. I seem to have come out under rather unfavourable auspices. No feature of my mission is very agreeable. But I view the whole as the counsel of the Almighty; and I know that in his plan there is great beauty, though I may not perceive it.

"I have passed this last year in military society, or in solitude. And as I shall shortly be stationed up the country, I cannot expect any material change during life. But if I

rightly improve the opportunities I may have, I shall do well. What I lament most is the effect this inactive life has upon my mind. You will not be surprised if both my moral and intellectual powers suffer by it.

“I suffered a long struggle before I could resign myself passively to my unexpected destination. But the struggle is now over; and I view myself as one who has run his race, to whom little more is left to do. I have known some who, in such a case, would have extricated themselves with violence, and sought a new fortune in the gospel. But it will require a very evident interposition of God indeed to bring me out of this Egypt, now that he has placed me in it. I shall esteem myself highly favoured, if I be enabled to pass my days in it with a pure conscience, endeavouring to do a little, where much cannot be done. I take the liberty of enclosing a bill for £50, for my mother; which I request you will be so good as to send to her, after it is accepted.”

In the month of July, the same year, Mr. Buchanan wrote to several of his friends by an overland despatch. Our limits will not admit of the insertion of more than part of one

of these letters, and it shall be an extract from that to his venerable friend Mr. Newton:

“I hope, my dear sir, that you have received many letters from me since my arrival here, for I have written many. You are the only person who has written regularly to me since I left England. Your last gave me much information, pleasure, and comfort. I have been now a year and a half in India, and have not yet engaged in the ministry; and I know not when I shall. At present, indeed, I should scarcely be able, were I called to it. The oppression on my chest is so great, and my breathing so quick, that I cannot speak audibly in conversation but with difficulty; and the total relaxation of my frame, and my inability to sit up long, admonish me that I am not intended for long service. Two fevers since my arrival here have no doubt had some effect in weakening me. But I do not attribute my present illness to India. I can trace my pectoral weakness to midnight study at college. But I am thankful that I am without actual pain. Perhaps I may be restored. Perhaps ‘my mouth may yet be opened to speak his praise.’

“How is Dr. Fearon? my dear Fearon, how are you? You cannot easily imagine how gratifying your letter was to me. I received it on a sick-bed; and had not seen the face of a Christian for a month before. A Hindoo who worships an idol with an elephant’s head, read it to me three times. I suppose the French have not restored my answer to it. My frequent indispositions have hitherto prevented me writing so much as I wish; but as I consider that all my letters to Mr. Newton are letters to you, I conceive myself to have written to you a great deal. Remember me, as you ought, to every member of your family, and write me such another letter as you wrote me last, *if you are able.*”

In another despatch, dated three months later, Mr. Buchanan thus writes—“Tell Mr. Thornton I often think he has need of great faith to believe that Scripture which says, ‘Cast thy bread upon the waters and thou shalt find it after many days.’ Many days have elapsed, and yet the bread he threw to me is not returned.”

This beneficent patron had *not* to wait ‘many days’ before he reaped the richest re-

ward of his faith and liberality. Towards the close of the year 1799, Lord Mornington appointed Mr. Buchanan third chaplain to the presidency, by which appointment he was introduced into a sphere of usefulness in Calcutta, not more agreeable to his wishes than adapted to his talents. He had, some months previous to this arrangement, enlivened his solitude at Barrackpore by his marriage with Miss Mary Whish, daughter of the Rev. Richard Whish, of Northwold in Norfolk, whom he thus introduces to his friend Mr. Newton :

“Miss Mary Whish, and her elder sister, came out to India about five months ago, with their aunt, Mrs. Sandys, wife of Captain Sandys, commissary of stores in Calcutta. The younger of these ladies was so much disgusted with the dissipation of India, that she would gladly have returned single to England. I did not see her till two months after her arrival. But we had not been long acquainted before she confessed that she had found a friend who could reconcile her to India. I did not expect that I should ever have found, in this country, a young woman whom I could so much approve. Mrs. Bu-



chanan is not yet nineteen. She has had a very proper education for my wife. She has docility of disposition, sweetness of temper, and a strong passion for retired life. She is religious as far as her knowledge goes, and her knowledge is as great as I suppose yours or mine was at her age. Our marriage was sanctioned by the approbation of all who knew her, and all who knew me. Mrs. Buchanan has read many of your letters to me, and hopes you will mention her name in your next.

“ I still reside at Barrackpore, where, it is probable, I shall remain some years. But I must take no thought for to-morrow. Years, days, and hours are not mine. *Moments*, how sacred!”

One of the earliest occasions of public service, to which Mr. Buchanan was called, after his appointment to the chaplaincy of Calcutta, was to preach a thanksgiving-sermon before Lord Mornington, and the principal officers of the government, on account of the successes obtained by his Majesty's forces and those of the allies; and for the re-establishment of tranquillity, and the security of the British possessions in India. For this

sermon Mr. Buchanan received the thanks of the Governor-general in council. It was afterwards printed, and copies of it sent to every part of British India, and to the Directors of the East India Company at home.

During the first six months of the year 1800, the plan of a collegiate institution had been formed by Lord Mornington (then created Marquis Wellesley,) for the purpose of promoting the literary improvement of the younger civil servants of the Company. This important measure, in the arrangement of which Mr. Buchanan acted so conspicuously useful and important a part, is thus detailed by himself, in a letter to Mr. Grant:

“Lord Wellesley is at present engaged in founding a college, for the instruction of the young civil servants, in eastern literature, and general learning. He desired me to draw out a sketch of the constitution of the college, which I did. And now Mr. Barlow has instructed me to draw up a minute, as a justification of the measure. Lord Wellesley proposes that Mr. Brown should be the Provost of the college; and he is certainly the fittest man in Calcutta for that office. I had him in my mind when drawing up the

duties of the Provost. There will be about eight or ten professors. No promotion in the service but through the medium of this institution. The students to remain at college for three or five years. Prizes and honours to be proposed for those who distinguish themselves; and degrees to be taken, to qualify for certain offices."

In the beginning of the year 1801, Mr. Buchanan entered upon the important and laborious duties of Vice-Provost and professor of classics, in this college. Thus, a work was at length laid before him, which promised not only ample employment but extensive usefulness, and which was fitted to call forth the utmost exertions of his talents, hitherto in a manner dormant, in India. The two objects now most interesting to him, the church and the college, form, as might be expected, the chief topics of his letters to his friends; but as it cannot be supposed that our young readers should feel much interest in hearing that he was lecturing on Homer and Virgil, Terence and Juvenal, we shall confine ourselves to the selection of extracts from such of his letters as treat of things spiritual, rather than of things classical; and

of the former, nothing more precious could, perhaps, be selected from the whole mass of his correspondence than the following letter addressed to his colleague and friend, the Rev. Mr. Brown, then residing at Chandernagore, for the benefit of his health:

“Calcutta, 29th Nov. 1801.

“MY DEAR SIR,

“I received your letter last night. I envy much the zealous affection which animates your mind, and would gladly go up to Chandernagore also to obtain the same. Old Mr. Newton, when in the country, used to think that London was Sardis; but when he came up to town, he found there a great assembly walking in white, and so he joined them. I have thought more seriously in Calcutta than ever I did at Barrackpore. But what I have been at any period of my life, is so little like what I would wish to be, that I cannot contemplate it without remorse. I do not know that I ever had what Christians call zeal. I recollect, that I expected it would grow when I entered the ministry; but I had scarcely entered the ministry, and preached a few times, when I was sent to

this country. I never felt, as you do, what it was to preach profitably and zealously for a season. That is a work I have to begin. One thing urges me sometimes to press forward with hope, and that is, that all I say appears to me to be so very unlike what it ought to be, that I imagine something better might be attempted. And yet, were the Spirit indeed to descend, we cannot expect that God, who worketh by natural means, should suddenly add the eloquent mouth, and new powers of memory and understanding. The holy skill of preaching appears to be the fruit of long experience and converse among God's people. And in Calcutta, or any other place, the able minister of the New Testament can only be made by nightly and wakeful meditation, patient study, and prayer, producing self-denial.

“It appears to me, that it was never intended that the gospel should flourish in the heart and mouth of any minister, who did not make it the ‘one thing,’ the sole point of heartfelt recurrence. But, when it is made so, I can easily conceive how the tender plant grows a great tree, with spreading branches and refreshing fruit. Then, no

doubt, a mind naturally barren bears exuberant ideas, and is constantly forming lively images: and, though the mouth be rude in speech, the full heart becomes vocal, and utters the word in season.

“ Whether either of us will be able thus to make the gospel the one thing, time will show. He that warreth ought not to entangle himself with the affairs of this life. But do we *war*? Time enough for the soldier to disencumber himself when he begins to fight. It is easy to throw off a college, but it is very difficult to take up the church. But when the church spirit appears, it will soon conquer the college. The grand question is, ought not *means* to be used to mature the spirit we desire? As to myself, it is my only desire to be of some service to the church of Christ before I die; and I would gladly seize any means, by change of situation or otherwise, which would enable me to do so. As to this world there is no object—if I know my own heart at all—which I have in view; neither of family, of fortune, of situation, of leaving this country, or continuing in it. I have chiefly to complain of a languid and heartless constitution, both

in body and mind, which makes me to bear easily with all things, and to have little pleasure in any thing. This loss of energy and life has been occasioned partly by a continued course of ill health, partly by the untoward circumstances in my situation, since I arrived in the country, but chiefly by the natural contagion of unchristian manners. I am, however, more independent of society I dislike, than at any former period, since my arrival in India; and I hope to be yet more so. Whether by resigning college-appointments, secluding myself from the world, and preaching twice a week, I should be of more service, than by maintaining a public situation, is a question I cannot answer. What may be impossible and improper now, may be possible and proper hereafter.

“However, the chief consideration, at present, is the state of the heart. How is the soul with God? I endeavour, by prayer, to restore it daily; relying, though feebly, on the aid of the Mediator, wondering, sometimes, that I am not worse, oppressed in spirit at a review of the past, and hoping for better days.

“I shall ever be ready to accede to any plan you can suggest for the furtherance of our ministry. You say you ‘long to launch out into the fulness of Christ.’ So do I. But these words are too apostolic for me at present. In order to launch forth like — I should need not only a new effusion of the Holy Spirit, but those natural abilities which generally accompany such an effusion, in order to make it useful. Circumstances seem to admonish me, that the ‘still small voice,’ and not the ‘rushing mighty wind,’ is my province in the gospel. What another school than Calcutta would have produced, I know not. But I shall be blessed, if grace be given unto me to do what I can, consistently, and steadily, in my various situations. Unhappily, collegiate avocations usurp much of my time. But let us beware of repining at the necessity of spending time in this way, till we become confident, that were all our time at our own disposal, we should spend it in a better. I earnestly pray that we may both be rightly directed in our labours in this vineyard; that we may see some fruit in others, and enjoy the comfort ourselves of faithful



ministers of the gospel. I think better days are at hand. In this hope I remain, my dear Sir, very affectionately yours,

C. BUCHANAN."

With Mrs. Buchanan, whose very delicate health had obliged her to return to Europe for the benefit of her native air, Mr. Buchanan maintained a frequent correspondence. And as in the above letter we have seen the Christian pastor unbosoming himself in the confidence of friendship to his fellow-labourer in the gospel; so, in the extracts we are now to present to the reader, we see the Christian husband, in his correspondence with a yet dearer friend, animated by the same feelings of ardent and elevated piety, and the same devotion to his Master's service; evincing also the sincerity of his gratitude to God, by his gratitude to his earthly benefactors. The beginning of this year, 1802, his income being considerably augmented, Mr. Buchanan authorized his mother to draw upon him for £300 annually.

Having written at some length referring to certain passages in his early history, he thus concludes a letter to Mrs. Buchanan:—"Such,

my dearest Mary, has been my varied life, and such the wonderful Providence which has watched over me. I pray that, now I am settled, I may be enabled to show a heart fixed on my Saviour and on the ministration of his word. I feel that nothing in this world can afford me any delight equal to what I hope to find in the labour of the everlasting gospel. No fortune, or rank in life, can ever, I think, give any solid comfort to my soul: nothing but heavenly draughts can quench my thirst.

“My infirm constitution admonishes me not to expect to enjoy life, as some speak, and I am thankful for every barrier which God erects against my taking up my rest in the wilderness. Let us then, my dear Mary, live for the day, seeking that heavenly peace, which is always attainable. We have learnt from our past experience, that our times are in His hands, and we shall confess at the end, that He hath done all things well.

“I feel a deep sense of the importance of my present situation, and of the necessity of using the talent committed to my charge. The uncertainty of having such a useful sphere of action much longer, or my health

continued, or my reputation supported—these things excite me to greater exertions while it is called to-day.

“The society of religious people here pray that I may be enabled to do something for the gospel. I am now in better health than formerly; my spirits are more alive; and I trust my hopes in the gospel will be fulfilled. You, my beloved wife, can now pray in the *faith*: a sense of religion has visited you. Cherish it as the life of your soul: esteem it the pearl of great price, far exceeding in value the joys of your family, or the wealth of the Indies. I know that gay society at home will impede your progress for a while; but these difficulties are useful in proving and trying us, and bringing us forth like gold purified in the fire. It is not preciseness of external conduct, but communion with God in prayer, which forms the Christian’s character. If you continue to approach the throne of grace with as much earnestness as you used when on the great waters, you will gradually arrive at a holy state of mind, pure satisfaction of soul, and inexpressible delight in the contemplation of the gospel. Christ will be formed in you, and you will begin to

learn the breadth, and length, and depth, and height of his unsearchable riches.—All you have to do is, to give your testimony to the truth of real religion, when opportunities shall be afforded, in modesty and simplicity: alleging that the gospel is not in *form*, but in *power*, and that we must all suffer a change of heart, before we can enter the kingdom of God. This is the truth which I maintain in my preaching, and it is found to be the only effectual doctrine to reach the hearts of men.

“By the last ships, I sent £400 to Mr. Thornton, being the amount of his expense on my account at college for four years, at £100 per annum. He never expected that I should repay him; but God has put it in my power, and therefore it is my duty. I told him, I only sent it back to the fountain, from whence it would probably soon flow out again in some act of benevolence. I also told him that I meant to devote £500 for the support of a young man at the University, of religious character, and good ability, who might be in poor circumstances; and whom he, or Mr. Newton, or Dr. Milner, should select. At the same time, I remitted an order on Messrs Boehm and Co., to Mr. T. for paying

the sum of £125 per annum, by half-yearly instalments, for this purpose: and I expressed a wish that the young man might prove an honour to the gospel, and become a useful labourer in his Master's vineyard. While it is in my power, I wish to do some good thing for the gospel of my blessed Lord. I may soon be called hence: may I be able to devote my heart to his glory while I stay. May we be grateful stewards of God's blessings, so abundant and unlooked for! and may we continue daily to remember the wonderful way in which we have been led from our early years unto this day!"

Early in the year 1803, Marquis Wellesley presided at the second annual disputations of the students of the college of Fort William. But, interesting as this institution was to Mr. Buchanan, and eminent as was the station which he occupied in it, we are persuaded it would by no means be a subject of very profitable discussion to our young readers, to enter into any of the details connected either with its administration or existence; particularly as its existence scarcely exceeded more than six or seven years in its original form, being discountenanced by the Honourable

Board of Directors at home, and new-modelled shortly before Mr. Buchanan finally left India.

In the spring of this year, he received letters announcing the intention of Mrs. Buchanan to return to India. "She comes out," says he, writing to a mutual friend, "to a promising scene of joy; to see her little Augusta, now grown up a healthy and talkative girl; calling out for mamma for two years past in vain.

"Providence hath well ordered her (Mrs. Buchanan's) steps. It may be, indeed, that I shall never see her; or that I shall contemplate her departing spirit for a short time in her emaciated frame. But then, God hath made with her a covenant well ordered and sure! Thus it is with my house. And this is my joy. Thus God hath blessed our short sojourn together, and the end will be an eternal song of glory to his redeeming love."

This year the number of Mr. Buchanan's correspondents was increased by the return of Major Sandys to Europe; a gentleman to whom affliction had come with a precious blessing and to whom Mr. Buchanan and his friend Mr. Brown, had been peculiarly useful,

in the course of their valuable public ministrations. In the following letter to this interesting individual, whose name frequently occurs in the original memoir—of which we cannot hope to preserve more than a very imperfect sketch—his correspondent mentions the arrival of Mrs. Buchanan at Calcutta:

“Your letter from St. Helena I have just received by Mrs. Buchanan, who arrived there the day after you sailed. Mary is much improved in health, and greatly matured in spiritual knowledge, strength, and grace, which is the chief theme of my happiness. Her missing you was a keen disappointment at the moment; but she soon reflected that God had ordered it for wise and gracious purposes, and then she submitted. She opened your letters to me while she was at Major Greentree’s. These letters astonished her beyond measure. She thought you had yet been a man of the world—for she had not heard that your affliction had been sanctified to you; but behold she found you to be a child of God, your understanding illuminated with knowledge, and your heart expanding with love, hope, joy, zeal, and all the charities. She lamented that she had

no Christian near her, to whom she might in pious confidence, communicate these happy news. So she disburdened her heart by writing a letter to me. I was rejoiced to find by your letters, that the gospel is still glorious in your view, and that the world and its vanities had not obscured the heavenly vision. May this happy state be ever yours without alloy or reverse, but such as may be necessary to confirm, and strengthen and perfect you in the inner man."

In the summer of 1803, Mr. Buchanan, anxious for the civilization and moral improvement of the heathen, whom he saw daily perishing for lack of knowledge, and whom he saw, besides, confided by Divine Providence, doubtless for high, moral, and religious purposes, to the care of Great Britain, wrote letters to the heads of the universities at home containing proposals—1st, "For the best essay, in English prose, on the best means of extending the blessings of civilization and true religion among the sixty millions, inhabitants of Hindostan, subject to British authority," in each university, viz. Oxford, Cambridge, Edinburgh, Glasgow, St. Andrews, Aberdeen, and Trinity



College, Dublin; £100 was the prize offered. 2d, "For the best Latin ode on *Collegium Bengalense*," £25; and 3d, the same sum for a Greek ode. The sum of £50 each, for the best Latin and Greek poems, was offered to successful candidates at each of the public schools, viz. Eton, Westminster, Winchester, and the Charter-house schools; in all, no less than £1650 was thus appropriated by Mr. Buchanan to this high purpose; a gift almost as large as the benevolence which prompted it.

In the beginning of the year 1804, we find many notices in the original memoir, of the college of Fort-William, its annual disputations, and the speech of Marquis Wellesley, as he closed the proceedings of the day. In the course of this year, Mr. Buchanan thus writes of the college and of himself, in a letter to Major Sandys:

"We are much the same in church, and state, and college, as when you left us; only, in respect to myself, my various labours have increased, are increasing, and, I fear, will not be diminished. I am literally left alone in many matters of a public nature, particularly in a battle now fighting, the worst I have yet

had—with Mussulman and Hindoo prejudices against translations of the Scriptures. Their clamour has assailed the government. Lord W. and Mr. Barlow are neuter; but the old civil servants fan the flame. A folio volume would not detail the particulars; but I trust you will soon hear of the good effect. In the meantime, I am growing infirm in body, and long for more holy employ than that of hewing wood only for our future sanctuary in India. I know that what is doing is useful; but spiritual comforts do not accompany the occupation in the degree I desire, and look forward to, when I have peace from public conflict.”

Amidst his various labours, a severe domestic affliction awaited him this year, which came very near his heart. This was the reappearance of alarming symptoms of consumption in Mrs. Buchanan, which made it necessary they should again part; and she embarked, together with her youngest daughter, for Europe, in the January following. The memoranda of Mr. Buchanan testify with what warmth of affection he again followed her in spirit across the mighty waters. By these, it is said, frequent notices of letters,

written to her weekly and even daily, occur, of which none, however, remain. It was about this anxious period that he began to prepare that work, to which India is, doubtless much indebted, though the results of it were but faintly viewed by Mr. Buchanan himself, viz.:—*A Memoir on the Expediency of an Ecclesiastical Establishment for British India;*—the object of which was, to provide religious instruction for the European servants of the company, and other British inhabitants of India; and which would also necessarily both become a means of “perpetuating the Christian religion among our own countrymen there, and prove a foundation for the ultimate civilization of the natives.”

During the course of the year 1804, and beginning of 1805, some opposition had been made to the doctrines preached by Mr. Buchanan and his colleague, by two or three of the other chaplains of the Presidency. On this occasion, he was induced to deliver a valuable series of discourses on the Creed and Articles of the Church of England. These sermons were of a very superior order, and produced the happiest effects. In

the month of June of this year, Mr. Buchanan again proposed certain prizes to the universities of Oxford and Cambridge of no less amount than the sum of £500. The subjects of the essays were as follows:—  
“1st, The probable design of Divine Providence in subjecting so large a portion of Asia to the British dominion. 2d, The duty, the means, and the consequences of translating the Scriptures into the oriental tongues, and of promoting Christian knowledge in Asia. 3d, A brief historic view of the progress of the gospel in different nations, since its promulgation, illustrated by maps showing its luminous track throughout the world, with chronological notices of its duration in particular places.”

About the date of these proposals to the universities, Mr. Buchanan requested permission to be absent from Calcutta for four months, for the benefit of his health. To this request the Governor-general immediately assented, and signified, officially, his approbation of Mr. Buchanan's intended journey. But, while he was preparing for this important expedition, he was attacked with an illness so alarming, that no hopes were enter-

tained of his recovery. God, however, was graciously pleased to bring his servant back from the borders of the grave, having still a great work for him to perform.

He had hardly been restored from his dangerous illness, and had gone into the country for the re-establishment of his health, when the afflicting intelligence of the death of Mrs. Buchanan reached him. This distressing, though not unexpected event, had taken place on the 18th of June, on board the vessel in which she was returning to England, off the the island of St. Helena. Of Mr. Buchanan's feeling on this deeply mournful occasion, the following letters afford an affecting recital:—

“MY DEAR SANDYS,

“I have been at this place, Sooksagur, for some time past, in the hope of getting a little strength. I was visited by a fever about two months ago, and was despaired of for a day or two. But the prayers of the righteous were offered up, and my days have been prolonged. It was with a kind of reluctance I found myself carried back, by the reflux waves, to encounter again the storms of life; for I had

hoped the fight was done. Although unprofitable has been my life, and feeble my exertions, yet I was more afraid of trials to come, if I should survive, than of departing to my rest, if it was the will of God. I had made a disposition of my fortune to Mary, and her pious purposes—for she too had undertakings in view—believing that she would be much more useful than I could. My first care, on my convalescence, was to write to *her* an account of that event. In a few days afterwards the Calcutta Indiaman arrived from St. Helena, and brought me the news of my dear Mary's decease! Before she went away, I perceived that her affections were nearly weaned from this world; and she often said, that she thought God was preparing her for his presence in glory. She was greatly favoured in her near access to God in prayer; and she delighted in retirement and sacred meditation. She was jealous of herself latterly, when she anticipated the happiness of our all meeting in England, and endeavoured to chastise the thought.—Her sufferings were great, but she accounted her consolations greater; and she used to admire the goodness of God to her, in bringing her to a knowledge

of the truth, at so early an age. It was her intention, had she lived to reach England, to have gone down with her two little girls to visit you, saying, 'We shall behold each other as two new creatures.' You had been accused to her of being too peculiar, and she wished to see what was amiss.

"When she found her dissolution drawing near, she solemnly devoted her two little girls to God, and prayed that he would be their Father, and bring them up in his holy fear, and preserve them from the vanities of this evil world. She said she could willingly die for the souls of her children; and she did die in the confident hope of seeing them both in glory.

"Having had it in contemplation to have followed my dear Mary to England next year, I had let my house at Garden Reach to Sir John D'Oyly. I had also sold my furniture, horses, &c. previously to my proceeding to Malabar. But, in the meantime, I fell sick, and now that I have recovered, I mean to defer my journey to the coast till the new government be settled. Sir George Barlow is at present up the country.—I do not know whether I shall go to England next year or

not; I am now a desolate old man, though young in years. But my path will, I doubt not, be made 'clear as noon-day.' By your late letters I see you are 'flourishing like a palm-tree;' how often have you passed the palm-tree in India, without comparing it to the righteous man!

"My dear Mary's name and character were, latterly, well known among the excellent of the earth; and her memory has left a fragrance for years to come."

Towards the close of this year, on recovering from a second attack of fever and ague, Mr. Buchanan learnt that Sir George Barlow, now Governor-general, had appointed him Provost of the college of Fort-William, under the new regulation which admitted only of one superintending officer. This appointment, however, he immediately signified to government his wish to resign in favour of his valued friend, Mr. Brown. No decisive arrangement, however, appears to have been made upon the subject, till the arrival of definitive orders from England. This was not the only honour of which Mr. Buchanan was disposed to waive the reception. His valued and excellent friend, Mr. Grant, hav-



ing written to him, probably, on the subject of the ecclesiastical establishment in India, and the probability of his being raised to the episcopal dignity, he thus writes in reply:—  
“As to returning, in order to receive the episcopal dignity, my soul sinks at the thought of it; I trust my lines will rather be cast in a curacy. Place the mitre on any head: never fear, it will do good among the Hindoos. A spiritual bishop will appear in due time.”

Among other exertions, in behalf of India, made by Mr. Buchanan this year, was an endeavour to promote and encourage the translation of the Scriptures into the oriental languages. For this purpose, among other efforts made in India, he offered a premium of thirty guineas for the four best sermons on the translation of the Scriptures into the vernacular dialects of the east. Two of the sermons were to be preached at Oxford, and two at Cambridge, by such persons as the Universities would appoint. These offers to the Universities were in each case accepted. In the course of the preceding year, the degree of doctor of divinity had been conferred on him, by the University of Glasgow, of which he had formerly been a member. With re-

gard to the prize-compositions at the Universities, and schools, it may be sufficient to say, that those which carried away the palm, as well as a few others which were unsuccessful, were afterwards published, and that they generally contributed to bring before the public, the propriety and obligation of Great Britain to endeavour to ameliorate the moral and religious condition of her eastern empire.

Dr. Buchanan had for some time been contemplating a journey to the south of India, before returning to England. This journey he commenced in March, 1806. The objects he had in view in undertaking it, were to investigate the state of superstition at the most celebrated temples of the Hindoos—to examine the churches, and libraries of the Romish, Syrian, and protestant Christians; to ascertain the state of the eastern Jews; to discover persons qualified to promote learning in the respective districts he should visit, and to open some channels of communication for the circulation of the Scriptures. The detail of these objects with the manner in which Dr. Buchanan was enabled to accomplish them, has been so fully explained in his work, entitled *Christian Researches in*

*India*, that we shall not attempt to recapitulate them here. For the entertainment of our young readers however, and to show how this great and good man could write to little children, we transcribe one letter written during this journey, addressed to his two daughters, then only four and five years of age:—

Tanjore in India, 1st September, 1806.

“MY DEAREST LITTLE GIRLS,  
CHARLOTTE AND AUGUSTA,

“I hope you are very well. Whenever you can both read the Bible, let me know, and I shall go home. I want little girls who can say to papa at breakfast, ‘Papa, we will read the newspapers to you, while you take tea. I want little girls who can read when papa writes *so*,\* and who do not oblige him to draw little letters till his fingers ache.

“I am happy, my dear children, to hear so good an account of you. Be very good, and I shall come to you soon.

“I saw the two little daughters of the king of Tanjore to-day. They are covered with

\* The first part of the letter their papa had written like printed letters.

pearls and diamonds, but their skins are black, and they cannot read one word, although they are about eight years of age. Therefore my own two little girls are more dear to their affectionate father than the princesses of Tanjore.

C. BUCHANAN."

In this journey, which Dr. Buchanan accomplished in the space of one year, returning again to Calcutta, in March, 1807, having travelled more than five thousand miles, he fully attained the objects he had in view; which are far too vast and important to be detailed in this little book. On his return to Calcutta, he found an institution, doubtless of much interest to his heart, the College of Fort William, reduced within very narrow limits; the offices of provost and vice-provost abolished, and the professorships, reduced to three. "The labours, the influence, and the income of Dr. Buchanan were, in consequence of this arrangement, materially diminished."—The reduction of the former was necessary to his health, while that of the latter affected him only as it circumscribed his means of usefulness. The great object of his mind was the promotion of Christianity in

India. This was the object he had in view in his recent journeys in Malabar; and, to promote it, he, on his return to Calcutta, drew up a statement of the facts and observations which he had accumulated in the course of his travels, and which he published under the title of "*Literary Intelligence.*"

Towards the latter part of the year 1807, Dr. Buchanan proposed to leave Calcutta, on his return to Europe. Previous to his departure, he wrote the following letter to his two little girls:—

"I am now about to quit India, and to go home to see you. I propose to leave Calcutta in the course of next month. If I find it dangerous to go home overland, I shall proceed from Bombay by sea. I shall probably sail over those waters where your dear mother lies. Do you not know, that at the resurrection of the dead she will come forth with a 'glorious body?' Though it be 'sown in dishonour, it is raised in glory?' Of this you may read in the Bible, and in the Burial Service. Your mother will come forth with a 'glorious body,' for she was a good woman, and remembered her Creator in the days of her youth. Perhaps I shall die too before I

reach England: you ought, therefore, to pray that God would preserve my life, if it be his will, that I may see you, and show you the affection of a father, and receive the affection of daughters, and lead you onward, with myself, to that happy state, whither your mother is gone before you.”

In the month of November, Dr. Buchanan preached his farewell sermon to the congregation at the Mission Church, from Phil. i. 27. “Only let your conversation be as becometh the gospel of Christ; that whether I come and see you, or else be absent, I may hear of your affairs, that ye stand fast in one spirit, with one mind, striving together for the faith of the gospel.” Among the many who regretted his departure from India, was his friend and fellow-labourer, Mr. Brown. “You ask me,” says Mr. Brown, in a letter to his brother, “if Dr. Buchanan is my friend? I answer,—I know no man in the world who excels him in useful purpose, or deserves my friendship more. Perhaps there is no man in the world who loves him so much as I do, because no man knows him so well. Further, no man, I believe, in the world would do me service like him. We have lived together in

the closest intimacy ten years without a shade of difference in sentiment, political or religious. It is needless to add, without a jar in word or deed. He is the man to do good in the earth, and worthy of being Metropolitan of the east."

On the 27th of November, Dr. Buchanan left Calcutta, and "left every creature," to use his own expressions, left every creature, from the Governor-general to the pilots, on good terms. On the day after his departure, he thus writes to Colonel Sandys, from Fulta: "I am thus far on my way to Europe. I sail in the Baretto to Goa, to look into the Inquisition there, and examine the libraries. Thence I proceed to Bombay. A few days ago I received your letter from Northwold, containing the signatures of the little girls. They write very well, and have made a flattering progress in their education. I am much obliged to you for your particular account of the two children, which is very correct, I believe, and very pleasing. Being long estranged from them, and hearing none converse about them, I seldom think of them now comparatively. But when we meet again, I suppose we shall fall in love."

While Dr. Buchanan was proceeding on his voyage, his memoir on the expediency of an ecclesiastical establishment for British India was the subject of much discussion at home. The religious public hailed it as presenting "facts and arguments of a most important nature;" and as opening a wide field for the exertion of Christian benevolence. Others considered it as a rash publication, "tending to excite dissatisfaction at home, and disturbance abroad." It gave rise to a great many minor publications, under the titles of "Letters"—"Vindications," &c. but the labours of the friends and advocates of religion, and of the duty of diffusing Christian knowledge in India, more than kept pace with the zeal of its adversaries. Among its friends, it possessed in one single work, the "*Christian Observer*," the strength of a whole host—and among its individual champions, it boasted the name of the Right Honourable Lord Teignmouth, once Governor-general of India, and that of Beilby Porteus, the venerable bishop of London.

Dr. Buchanan, immediately on his arrival in London, proceeded to wait upon his dear



and excellent friend, Mr. Newton—"but judge," says he, to one of his correspondents, "what were my feelings, when I was informed my venerable friend had entered into rest!" His next visit was to Northwold, the residence of his children, from whence he writes the following interesting letter:

"I received your letter as I was leaving London. Your affectionate expressions well accord with your long-proved kindness to me and my family. It would indeed give me a sincere delight to visit you at this time, with my two little girls; but I have not lived with my mother these twenty years, a fortnight excepted. I have a long arrear of filial affection and personal attention to bring up, and must first fulfil this duty.

"I shall probably stay over the winter in Scotland. There is an Episcopal church in the vicinity of my mother's house, where I may exercise my ministry, and where I may possibly remain, if I should find my labours useful.

"Charlotte and Augusta are so much grown, that I should scarcely have known them; the natural feelings of children to a

father, and of a father to his children, have been displayed in a remarkable manner in many instances, and with such powerful sympathy as has been delightful even to the beholders.”

Dr. Buchanan, after spending a short time with his mother and family at Glasgow, and preaching to crowded audiences in the Episcopal chapel there, left Scotland for Bristol, with his two girls in November. At Bristol, he appears to have preached occasional sermons frequently, for the benefit of public charities, missions, &c. but states that his chief employment was at St. Mary Redcliffe. On the 26th of February, he preached his celebrated sermon entitled, *The Star in the East*, at the parish-church of St. James, Bristol, for the benefit of the Church Missionary Society; by which he endeavoured to cherish and extend the interest he had already excited for the promotion of Christianity in the East.

From Bristol Dr. Buchanan made a visit to Oxford, and from thence to London, where his friends wished him to take Welbeck Chapel, while Mr. White, the preacher, to whom it then belonged, went to his living in the

country. To this Dr. Buchanan assented, though he seemed still to prefer having a parish in the country. To the public library of the University at Cambridge, which he visited previous to his engagement at Welbeck Chapel, he presented some valuable oriental manuscripts, which he had procured during his journey to the coast of Malabar.

In the following letter, he mentions having received the dignity of doctor in divinity from the University, and also alludes to his ministry at Welbeck Chapel, in London:

“Cambridge has conferred on me the highest honour in her gift. She petitioned his Majesty to grant me the degree of doctor in divinity. The mandate was issued, and I received the degree on commencement-day last week. Dr. Ramsden, as Regius Professor of divinity, delivered a speech on the occasion, in the name of the University, in which he referred to the evangelization of the East, and to my endeavours. The Duke of Gloucester, and many of the nobility, were present. I waited on the bishop of Bristol, after my degree, and received from his lordship an assurance that he ever would

support the cause in which I had been so long engaged.

“I live very retired at present: preaching regularly to my congregation, and attending little to public affairs. The nobility have mostly left town; but their seats at my chapel are filled generally by the poorer sort. The Duke of Gordon, Lord R. Seymour, and others yet remain. I pray to be enabled to persevere to the end of my time with them, next November; and after that to the end of my race, wherever I shall be called to run.”

A further account of his labours in this chapel, is contained in the following extract of another letter written after he left it:—  
“The power of religion which I witnessed in Marybone, was more among the lower than the higher classes; though even among them I have reason to believe that good has been done. A general spirit of conciliation was manifest. Lady —— retains an abiding impression, and does the works of righteousness. I visited her frequently. Lady —— also has evinced a just sense of true religion, and others of rank; but the glory of the gospel was chiefly manifested in Mrs. B. who

died last month. She was but in humble life, but many of the nobility visited her, and benefited by her example.”

In the month of August, Dr. Buchanan went to Scarborough, his friends wishing to procure for him a settlement there. On this tour he was hospitably entertained by the family of Mr. Thompson of Kirby Hall, one of whose daughters he married in the month of February following. A few extracts from his letters at this time, will show with how much love for his labours he again entered on his Master's work.

“Kirby Hall, March, 1810.

“We live at Moat Hall, or Parsonage, within a quarter of a mile of the mansion. I have undertaken the whole charge of the parish of Ouseburn. On Thursday and Sunday evenings, I have a meeting of my parishioners at my own house. I read a portion of Scripture to them, and expound it, and generally incorporate the subject of the lecture in a prayer. I ought to be thankful for the attentive ear of the people. Mrs. Buchanan enters into these plans with much ardour and affection.

“After staying here some months, I shall probably return to London; at least my friends urge me to resume Welbeck. I published three *Jubilee Sermons* as a record I was once there. They are passing through a second edition, to which is to be annexed *The Star in the East.*”

At this time the friend who originally introduced Dr. Buchanan to Welbeck chapel, was anxious to have him permanently fixed in London; and a plan was set on foot to erect a chapel for him there. Various difficulties, however, arose to prevent the accomplishment of more than one scheme of this kind; and his delicate health, not long afterwards, proved that, had any of them been carried into execution, his ministry would have been nugatory there.

Of the Jubilee Sermons, as well as of all the other writings of Dr. Buchanan, it is not our province to speak; though, that he powerfully excited the attention of his auditors, may well be believed when, on one occasion, the 12th of June this year, having preached the anniversary sermon before the Church Missionary Society at St. Anne's, Blackfriars, no less a sum than four hundred pounds

was collected in behalf of the object of the society.

In the following extract, we have the first mention of a tendency to serious indisposition in Dr. Buchanan, after his return from India :

“Kirby Hall, 7th November, 1810.

“We returned lately from Scarborough, where I passed two months, ministering twice a week in the large church there. Since my return, I have been visited with an indisposition, which the faculty do not seem to understand very well. It is merely a great quickness of breathing, and great lassitude from slight exercise, without any other complaint whatever. I desisted from preaching for a fortnight, but mean to resume it. It is probably some illness induced by a hot climate; and it becomes me to work while it is called to-day.” The last day of December he thus writes: “I should write to you more particularly, but Mrs. Buchanan’s confinement has been attended with circumstances which endangered her life; and I think of little at present but what is momentous and eternal.” His illness assumed a more alarm-

ing appearance towards the beginning of the next year, having suddenly lost his voice while leading the family worship at Kirby Hall. Of this attack he thus writes: "I have had an illness of a peculiar kind; a slight debilitating stroke, affecting the voice and right hand, of the paralytic kind. My hand is not itself yet, as you may see, nor is my voice perfectly restored. The faculty ascribe the immediate cause to study, a sedentary habit, and anxiety of mind on Mrs. Buchanan's illness. But whatever the cause may be, it is a *memento* from the Lord, that this is not my rest. Nor do I wish it to be so.

"The town of Leeds have sent me an invitation to succeed the late Mr. Atkinson, their worthy minister, who died last week. I have not yet answered them, but my repeated attacks of illness will determine me to decline it. My constitution is not settled enough for laborious study. But the Lord is my Shepherd. He will lead me in green pastures, and make darkness light before me. The people of Leeds deserve a better pastor than I am, and the Lord will be their Shepherd also."



“26th March.

“I am well enough now to be able to write a few lines. I have been gaining strength since the beginning of spring; for I love the sun, and to look at it in this cold climate. It is a fine object in this evil world. But I like the sun chiefly as an emblem of the ‘Sun of Righteousness.’ It gives light and heat. I love your letters, for they have light and heat, reflected from the same glorious luminary. My love to Mrs. S. and the sufferer. Surely she must be all pure gold by this time; the dross and tin, a miner would say, must now be at the bottom of the furnace.”

Dr. Buchanan’s physicians having agreed that his complaint was chiefly a nervous debility, for the removal of which it would be necessary to abstain from study, he formed a plan, at once with a view to the improvement of his health and the great object of his life, the extension of Christianity, which was to undertake a voyage to Palestine, for the purpose of investigating subjects connected with the translation of the Scriptures. This desire, however, he never was enabled to accomplish. But, in the view of it, he went

down to Scotland in the summer to visit his mother, and from thence passed over to Ireland; and returning through Wales, mentions towards the close of the following letter, which we quote for the sake of introducing the subject of his last sacred labour, the Syriac Scriptures, that he had gained strength by the journey:—

—“I have proposed to the University of Cambridge to print an edition of the Syriac Scriptures, and have offered a considerable sum to commence; but I have not yet had their answer. I promised to send the Scriptures to the Syrian Christians,” whom he found on the journey to Malabar, “and am ashamed at the delay.

“I have gained a little strength by my journey, but am easily exhausted.”

On the 6th of December, Dr. Buchanan had written to his friend Mr. Macaulay, respecting new editions of his former publications, and intimating his intention of beginning his proposed voyage early in the month of February. A few days after, however, he was seized with a second alarming illness, of which he afterwards wrote as follows:—

“Kirby Hall, 17th December, 1811.

“MY DEAR SIR,

“I must use the hand of another to inform you that I was visited last week with an illness of the same nature with that in the beginning of the year. I have had a second paralytic stroke, affecting the half of my head and body, and forming a complete hemiplegia. My voice is not much affected, and the numbness is slight; but yet I consider that this may be the precursor of a third and last call to quit my earthly mansion. I view it, therefore, as a most merciful dispensation, and hope I shall ever retain my present thankful sense of the Lord’s gracious mode of bidding me prepare for my journey, and of calling me gradually to himself.”

On the 2d of January, 1812, he was so far recovered, as to be able to resume his correspondence with his friends, without the intervention of a third person; yet still with a faint and trembling hand. The piety and beauty of the sentiments quoted above, are of so sweet and holy a nature, that we can hardly even refrain, with the poor sufferer himself, to bless the hand that held over him a rod, productive of such exquisite blossoms.

“ My hand is recovering from the paralysis, and I can just hold the pen to inform you, that scarcely any thing remains of my indisposition but extreme weakness. The faculty think they have at last discovered the source of my complaints, and have taken away about five pounds of blood. This has afforded a most sensible relief to my breathing, and has given rest, during sleep, which before I had not. In addition, they have lowered and attenuated the body, during the last month, so that all things are new. If, when the body is thus regenerated, the soul could also be renewed, it would be a salutary illness. I can indeed say, and with great thankfulness, that my soul has had more spiritual communion with God than formerly. It would be a blessed thing were it always to remain as it has been. I wondered at the peace I felt in the prospect of departing this life. It was, perhaps, greater than it will be when the time comes. ‘Whoso endureth unto the end shall be saved.’ ”

But though the constitution of Dr. Buchanan had been shaken to its centre, and but little hope could be entertained of any thing like perfect restitution of health, yet his

great mind remained strong, active, and vigorous; and his spirit, like the fabled animal of the flames, seemed, in the furnace of affliction, to live as in its own proper element—as far, at least, as the Christian graces, penitence, meekness, submission, faith, love constitute the spiritual being of man.

Of the literary productions of Dr. Buchanan we do not propose to treat. All we have been able to give of his character, in this little memoir, is a mere sketch; and on the subject of the ecclesiastical establishment for India, we shall not enter—but shall rather confine ourselves, in the few pages we have yet to fill, to extracts and notices of a more domestic, and, therefore, to our dear young readers, of a more interesting character.—The following letter to his daughters, written from Scarborough, 18th July, 1812, is of this nature:—

“I had the pleasure to receive your letter, Augusta, by Dr. B. and was much gratified by the perusal; and I have seen Charlotte’s letter to mamma, which is equally pleasing to me; for, in both letters, I think I perceive a love of piety, or, at least, a wish that you

could love it. *It is indeed so amiable a quality in young persons, that I cannot contemplate them with any pleasure, if they be destitute of it.* For what are all other acquirements, or possessions, compared with this! *Nothing.* I wish you both to possess that which will give you hope, and me comfort, in the prospect of your dissolution. I wish to see you smile, and have inward peace, when you are shutting your eyes on the glories of life. *But they are not glories; they are vanities.* I cannot make you believe this. *The grace of God alone can teach you this truth. And this grace is given oftentimes to children as young as you.* When Christ said, ‘Suffer little children to come unto me,’ and when he quoted the Psalms to the Jews, where it is said, ‘out of the mouths of babes and sucklings, thou hast perfected praise,’ he meant to intimate, *that the grace of God is communicated to young children as well as to old persons; and that children may adorn the gospel, by the beauty and piety of their conduct,* as well as the aged Christian. But how is this grace to be attained? *It will not be given to you unless you intreat God to bestow it.*

*That is an ordinance or rule of God. And it will not do to ask it in words only, in a formal way; but you must 'lift up your voice' in your closet, and expect it earnestly, as if you expected 'a treasure.' "*

The above letter being addressed to young persons, and possessing, at the same time, so much beauty, and so much piety, and so much practical wisdom, we have, for the sake of our dear young readers, printed great part of it in Italics, lest they should inadvertently overlook what so peculiarly applies to them.

In the month of December, Dr. Buchanan was threatened with a return of illness, which was mercifully spared him; but he was obliged to desist entirely from his work in the ministry. Before we relate the event, which, in the course of divine Providence, awaited him in the commencement of the year, 1813, we insert the following extract of a letter, dated about the last day of the year 1812, which shows both the circumstances of his body and mind, at that time—the one oppressed with disease, the other rejoicing in the Lord:—"I received your welcome note, and desire that the best blessings may be your portion in return. I suffer at present from

the effects of a blister on the neck, which has taken a strong hold of my constitution, and can only write a few lines. If I could write, I have only to say, that I join with you in your Hallelujah to Him who came at this season to redeem lost man, and to make us kings and priests unto God. May our song which begins now, last for ever!"

In the month of February, 1813, Dr. Buchanan wrote as follows, to Mr. and Mrs. Thompson, the father and mother of Mrs. Buchanan.

"I dare say your hearts will be filled with joy on the event of dear Mary having been so safely delivered. As for the little one, who would only stay an hour in this evil world, there is no reason that we should grieve for him. I am happy to say, that his dear mother is perfectly composed and resigned to the dispensation.

"May the God of this family, even the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, who surroundeth us with his comforts, administer to you also, the consolation and support you respectively stand in need of, and shine on your path till you become partakers of his glory!"

On the 13th March, Dr. Buchanan, writing



to a friend, says of his wife—"Mrs. B. recovers well, and has been applying to herself Paul's reasoning on the advantages of being without the cares of a family. I tell her Paul's is a wonderful book—it suits every state."

The following brief narration, comprises the rest of the history of this interesting person—his second Mary. We give it in Dr. Buchanan's own words:—

"Long before her last illness, my dear Mary had frequently contemplated the probability of her dying in early life. Her delight was to talk of things heavenly and spiritual, and her studies were almost entirely religious. Her spirits seem to have been much chastened by personal and by domestic suffering; and her affections were gradually losing their hold of this world. After her last confinement, her heart appeared to be devoted to God in a particular manner. On the third day she wrote the following note to her dear mother:—

"You will rejoice to hear I am as well as can be expected, and that I feel a wonderful *serenity of mind*. I feel a want for my poor little babe. Yet I do not repine, for I have

great need of all the Lord's chastisements; and if I gain one step towards heaven, I am abundantly repaid, and would joyfully go through all over again to-morrow, to gain one step more. I have great need of correction; but why my dear husband should be a sufferer in these losses, I cannot conceive, who is so much farther advanced in his heavenly course and experience every way. Pray for me, that I may so run as to obtain the heavenly prize.

“My kind love to my poor little girls. Tell them I hope, in the course of a day or two, to be able to see them. I have great cause for thankfulness every way. Adieu, adieu!”

“Notwithstanding her continued indisposition, accompanied by a high fever, she greatly enjoyed my prayers and religious converse. Having lost her child, she frequently alluded to the pleasure she anticipated in forming the minds of Charlotte and Augusta, and preparing them for the heavenly state. We mutually expressed our hope of devoting ourselves to the service of God, for the time to come, more affectionately and actively than we had done in the time past. She looked

forward, certainly, to the comfort of enjoying more of the life of a saint on earth; but I do not think she expected so early to be a saint in Heaven. The expectations and assurances of all her medical attendants were very flattering, in regard to her recovery. A rapid recovery was prognosticated, but she more than once intimated that they did not understand her case.

“On the night previous to her death, while she sat on the couch in my study, she begged I would give her the Bible, and a little table, and a candle. She read one of the Psalms very attentively, the 46th I believe, beginning with these words: ‘God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.’ And when I took the Bible out of her hands, finding it open at that Psalm, I read it to her as a portion of our evening religious exercise.

“On the morning of the day on which she died, after I had kneeled by her bed-side as usual, and prayed with her, and had left her, she desired her maid to read a hymn to her. She began one, but immediately said it was a funeral hymn, to which she replied, ‘A funeral hymn will suit me very well.’

“About an hour afterwards, she was

brought into my study, and took her seat in the arm-chair. About one o'clock her dear father and mother came to visit her. After her father had stayed some time, he and I went out in the carriage for an hour, while her mother remained with her. On our return, her mother took leave, and I accompanied her down stairs to the carriage. On my coming up, my dear Mary had just got up from her chair, and walked over to the couch with a quick step, assisted by her nurse, from an apprehension that she was about to faint. I immediately supported her in my arms. Slight faintings succeeded, but they were but momentary. She complained of a pain near her heart. On my saying, I hoped it would soon be over, she replied, 'O no! it is not over yet; what is this that is come upon me?—Send for mamma.' After a few minutes' struggle, she sat up on the couch with much strength, and, looking towards the window, she uttered a loud cry, which might have been heard at a considerable distance. She then drank a little water, and immediately after drinking, without a groan or sigh, her head fell upon my breast. I thought she had only fainted; but her spirit at that mo-

ment had taken its flight. It was just three o'clock in the day.

“Thus died my beloved wife. She was ready for the summons. She had long lived as one who waited for the coming of her Lord. Her loins were girded, her lamp was burning, and the staff was in her hand. She had nothing to do but to depart.

“Blessed are those servants whom the Lord, when he cometh, shall find watching.”

A few extracts from the private papers, and intimate correspondence of Dr. Buchanan at this time, will show, more fully, his state of feeling under this afflicting bereavement.

——“My first emotions of thankfulness—when I could seek subjects of thankfulness—were, that her last trial was so short. It was given me to witness, for my soul's health I trust; and it was awful indeed, but it was short.”

“*Monday, 29th March.* I have passed this week in a mournful and disconsolate state. I have lost appetite for food, and dwell, almost constantly, on the circumstances of my loss. I suffer, chiefly, from the reflection that I did not commune with her more frequently

and directly on the state of her soul. God ordained her personal and domestic sufferings to mature her for her approaching change. Mature in my heart, blessed Saviour, this affliction, and enable me to obey the new commandment, 'that ye love one another.' This love exercised toward a wife or children, acquires a double force; natural affection co-operating with spiritual love. Teach me, O Lord! to love my children as I ought to do, both in a natural and spiritual sense."

"*April 2d.* My grief has been growing more and more faint and languid; but, blessed be the God and Father of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, my sense of things heavenly, and my penitence for past sins, have rather increased. I am enabled to pray three times a day, and am not, as usual, driven hastily from my knees. O that this may continue! I have long prayed for a spirit of grace and supplication; and now the Lord hath been pleased to give it by means that I did not expect. However it comes, it is a long lost blessing."

The following extracts are from his correspondence:

“But I do not know what is passing in these days. The death of Mrs. Buchanan has removed to a vast distance from my mind, subjects which were familiar to it. I could not have believed that I should have been as much moved by the event as I am, or that my affections would have been so powerfully awakened. May the spiritual impression I have received never be obliterated from my soul! Offer my Christian love to your wife who is yet alive. And may you and she enjoy much spiritual communion with each other, before the hour of separation arrives!”

“Charlotte has shown me your kind letter. I thank you for your tender sympathy on my late loss. The summons came suddenly for Mrs. Buchanan, but she was evidently matured for her new state of existence. While your dear husband is spared to you, and you are spared to him, enjoy as much spiritual converse together as possible. For when the separation comes, you will reproach yourselves bitterly, if you have not been tenderly communicative on this subject.”

“Accept my sincere thanks,” he writes to

Colonel Sandys, "for your kind letter of condolence. Your topics of consolation are all excellent; and you point to the right source, the heavenly Paraclete. I shall not be able to make a journey into Cornwall. I return you thanks for your most obliging offer, which is a true mark of your personal friendship, and of Christian regard. I can write but little. My pen refuses to say much since Mrs. Buchanan's death. But I hope I have been affected by it chiefly in a spiritual manner."

To Colonel Macaulay, he says, "I thank you most sincerely for your kind letter. The mournful event has, I trust, been sanctified to me. Some such affliction appears to have been necessary to soften a hard and proud heart. I pray that the salutary effects may never pass away."

The question regarding the duty of Great Britain to disseminate Christianity in India, coming again before the public in the renewing of the East India charter, Dr. Buchanan, amidst the pressure of domestic sorrow, and of personal debility, composed and published, about this time, a work entitled "*Colonial Ecclesiastical Establishment*," &c. which



was very extensively circulated both in and out of Parliament. The object it had in view, afterwards became the subject of petition, and nine hundred addresses from all parts of the kingdom covered the tables of both Houses of Parliament, imploring the interference of the legislature in behalf of the moral and religious interests of India. The subject was finally carried in the House of Commons by a great majority, and in the House of Lords without a division. Besides acknowledging that it was the duty of Great Britain to promote the moral and religious improvement of the native inhabitants of her eastern empire, it gave all facilities to persons disposed to go to India for such benevolent purposes. A resolution also passed, by which a bishop and three arch-deacons were to be appointed to superintend the clergy of the established church in India. That Dr. Buchanan, the man who had first awakened the public mind to the duty of regarding these objects, was deeply interested in the event, cannot be doubted, and much of his correspondence at this time relates to it. We shall, however, prefer giving such passages of his letters as are of a domestic or spiritual cha-

racter, or such as relate to his health rather than those that are political or literary, considering the former more beneficial and more interesting to our juvenile readers:

“I have just submitted to the insertion of a seton in the integuments of my neck; so you see the constitutional propensity to paralysis continues. But this is the best state for me. I could not have chosen a better; and it does me a great deal of good. I need slow fires to purge away my dross. But the Refiner is merciful, and gives me strength to bear the heat of the furnace.”

“*11th June.* I continue stationary at present. I have had blood abstracted twice, by cupping, during the last month.

“*July 29th, 1813.* Many thanks,” he writes to Colonel Sandys, “for your letter. The last eleven years have been indeed eventful to you and me; and it is possible that the next eleven, whether in Heaven or earth, will be equally marvellous. My health, concerning which you inquire, continues, we hope, to mend; but it will be long before I obtain much strength, even if there should be no relapse of paralysis, which can only be known to him who said to the sick

of the palsy, 'Thy sins be forgiven thee.'— If I am able, I must go up to town about the end of autumn or the year, to superintend the publication of some Syriac works which I have commenced, viz. the New Testament, a Grammar, and Lexicon. Since Mrs. Buchanan's death, I have enjoyed more distinct views of the heavenly state than I had before; and have attained to more emphasis in prayer. So far that event has been blessed to me. May the fruits of righteousness grow and increase to the end, even as they do with you and the faithful children of God in every place."

Dr. Buchanan appears to have left Kirby Hall towards the end of autumn, as stated in the preceding letter, and to have remained a week at Cambridge, in his way to London, where he was chiefly occupied in making preparations for printing his Syriac Testament. While in London, he wrote the following letter to his daughters, the very playfulness of which is solemn, and sweetly depicts the spirituality of the mind of the writer:—

"22d. Nov. 1813. My dear Charlotte and Augusta, I return you many thanks for your

letter. I am happy to hear you are both in good health; and I doubt not you are both making a due proficiency in your studies. I am very much pleased, Charlotte, with your proposal to give five shillings to the West India mission, which I shall do when I find the treasurer of the society.—I sympathize with you, Augusta, in the death of the pretty bird, Cherry. But our grief is in vain; its spirit will never return. But when Augusta's spirit takes the wing, it will live for ever; and those who loved her on earth will once more love her in Heaven, if she and they prove worthy of eternal life. Cherry, it seems, was singing a few minutes before its death. So, oftentimes does the Christian sing and exult in spirit at the thought of putting off the veil of flesh, and entering on the confines of immortality. May you and Charlotte, after you have accomplished God's will on earth, be enabled to sing your dying hymns."

In December, we find Dr. Buchanan again at Cambridge, busily employed in his learned labours, and also in preparing an address, or charge, at the request of the Church Missionary Society, which was afterwards de-

livered to the Rev. Messrs. Greenwood and Norton, proceeding as missionaries to the Island of Ceylon; and to the Rev. Messrs. Schnarré and Rhenius, ministers of the German Lutheran Church, about to engage in the same labours on the coast of Coromandel. During his stay at Cambridge, at this time, Dr. Buchanan had a visit from Colonel Sandys, who thus writes in a letter to a friend:—"I found my friend the most interesting Christian, while residing in the tower of Erasmus, at Queen's College, the winter before last, where I passed my evenings with him while busily employed in the Syriac version. Here the learned divine was, as it were, absorbed in the humble follower of the Lord Jesus Christ, and here he disclosed to me those views of his faith which I found beneficial to my own soul. His whole dependence was upon Christ for wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption."

One sentence in a letter from Dr. Buchanan, written to his daughter, at this time, we shall transcribe, because it contains, perhaps, one of the most affecting truths which can wring the human heart, and under which

nothing can sustain the soul, alive to the common sensibilities of our nature, but the deepest reverence, homage, and obeisance, to the imprescriptible sovereignty of Almighty God. Having referred to an accident which had happened to Mrs. Thompson at Kirby Hall, he adds, "I fully enter into your feelings on your first alarm, lest Mrs. T. should have been taken from you. But you see she is yet spared to you; for though you are not her natural daughter, I hope you maintain and pray for a higher relation. *There is nothing durable or eternal but that union which is from Christ. Friendship, or relationship by blood, except growing on this foundation, will soon die.*"

The committee of the British and Foreign Bible Society having determined to print the Syriac New Testament, which Dr. Buchanan so much desired for the use of the Syrian Christians on the coast of Malabar, he engaged to prepare the text, and superintend the work at his own expense. Accordingly, he took up his residence, for that purpose, in Hertfordshire, that he might be near the printer. From two or three of his letters,

while there, we shall give extracts—chiefly because we are drawing near the closing scene of this great man's history; and, perhaps, also because they breathe that sweetly solemn, and pensive cast of thought, with which our own soul delights to harmonize. The first is to Mrs. Thompson—"I hope to hear that your foot is almost well. Jacob, you know, 'halted' to the day of his death; but then every false step would remind him of his victory with God. And yet this 'prince with God' would not be comforted when he thought Joseph was dead! How encompassed with infirmity is man!—even regenerated man—man, partaker of the divine nature!

"I hope that Charlotte and Augusta are well. Jacob prayed, saying, the 'God which fed me all my life long unto this day, the angel which redeemed me from all evil, bless the lads.' That is a prayer which I would offer up for Charlotte and Augusta. *I* also have been redeemed from much evil during an eventful life; and so have they hitherto. A boy, about Augusta's age, is dying near us here. His mother sits by him and cannot eat. He belonged to a Sunday school,

and desires those hymns to be read to him which speak of Christ's atoning for wicked children."

The next is an extract from a letter to Colonel Sandys, whose son was about 'departing in the faith and hope of the gospel.'——“What wonderful news you relate! Your dear son, William, speaks of the unsearchable riches of Christ! and magnifies his Saviour in the eyes of men! This is certainly a great triumph of divine grace. However, I anticipated it, as I believe, you know; for I was persuaded he would be given to your persevering prayers. Be pleased to give him my most affectionate remembrance, and tell him he is about to be ushered into a glory, which good men upon earth have been contemplating for many years, but have not yet enjoyed. He has obtained the victory without the battle; for the Captain of his salvation has fought for him. May his faith be firm and ardent to the last, that he may persevere in, and complete his glorious testimony!”

Another letter to Colonel Sandys, begins, “I thank you for your letter of the 12th, which informs me that you and seven chil-



dren are well. There are a great many blessings comprehended in that expression. My health continues much the same. I take a little exercise on horseback, live low, go to bed early, rise generally to read by candle-light. By such means, under the blessing of God, I am enabled to carry on my present undertaking: but a slight return of indisposition would suspend the whole. I therefore live a pensioner on God's mercy for the hour."

"*December 24.* I write," he says to Mrs. Thompson, "to say, I hope to be with you the first week of the new year; it is however, doubtful whether I shall not be detained longer. What detains me, is the wish to complete the four gospels, before I leave this place, lest I should never return. For what is our life? saith James; it is even a vapour that appeareth for a little, and then vanisheth away."

Dr. Buchanan's visit to his family, on this occasion, was but of short duration, and was, alas! the last. On his return into Hertfordshire, he received intimation of the decease of his early friend and patron, Mr. Thornton. He proceeded immediately to

London to attend his funeral, where, it is possible, he not only was affected by the extreme severity of the weather, but by those yearnings of the heart which must be felt over the closing scene even of the holiest of men; for, though faith is assured of their happiness in Heaven, nature shrinks in us at the chilling separation. Dr. Buchanan, however, returned to Broxburne, in Hertfordshire, on the 25th of January, apparently in his usual state of health, and resumed those labours in which he so much delighted. *So much* we may indeed say, for though, each separate sheet received from him five revisions before being finally sent to the press, the frequency of this critical examination of the Scriptures, so far from being tiresome or irksome, seemed, to use his own words, at "every fresh perusal, to throw fresh light on the word of God, and to convey additional joy and consolation to his mind." In this delightful employment, and filled with emotions such as these, this eminent, humble, and devoted servant of Jesus Christ was engaged, when his Master coming suddenly, called him. All that we know regarding the circumstances of this event, is

contained in a letter from his confidential servant, Vaux, who attended him in his last moments. It is dated February 12, 1815, and is addressed to the Rev. Mr. Kempthorne. After relating what has been already stated, in regard to his master's journey to and return from London, he proceeds to say, that the weather had brought on a slight indisposition, which Dr. Buchanan himself considered merely as a cold. "On Thursday last, however, while making a morning's call on some of the neighbours, he was taken with something of a fainting fit, which passed off, without his considering it of consequence enough to require medical assistance. As the sickness came on again towards evening, I took the liberty to disobey my master's orders, and to send for the medical gentleman, whose skill had so much appeared in the improvement of the Doctor's health in the preceding months. This gentleman was with him about nine o'clock in the evening, and did not express any apprehension of danger. Dr. Buchanan retired a little past ten, saying he was better; and, as he expected to get a little sleep, wished me not to disturb him to take the second medicine

till he rang the bell. About half-past eleven, sitting on the watch for the summons, I fancied I heard something of a hiccough, which induced me, contrary to orders, to enter the chamber, and inquire if he was worse? He signified he *was* worse. On which I instantly alarmed the family, and sent for assistance, and then returned to his bedside, where my master appeared labouring under a spasm in the breast. He intimated a wish for me to hold his head; and, in this posture, without struggle or convulsion, his breath appeared to leave him; so that before twelve, by which time Mr. Watts the printer, and Mr. Yeates, and a few neighbours, were with me, we were obliged to conclude that our excellent friend's spirit had joined the glorified saints above.

“T. VAUX.”

We do not like to add any thing to this. It is to us affecting, most affecting. When we came to the names of Yeates and Watts, the coadjutors of Dr. Buchanan, those who were to bring his work to completion, we remembered, with a peculiar emphasis of feeling, that of all who have lived on the

earth, one, and one only could say of his labour at death, 'it is finished.' We desired, however, to bear in mind the pious submission which led Buchanan himself to say, when at a much earlier period he anticipated a sudden close to his career: "Should you not see me again, I pray you to consider it as the hand of God, giving glory to his own cause in his own way; leading our feeble resolves in triumph to a certain stage, and then calling another servant!"

That "dear in God's sight is the death of his saints," we cannot doubt, for the Holy Spirit hath declared it; yet, that the circumstances attending that event are unimportant, we might readily conclude from that variety in them, evident from a review of the death-beds of many now in glory. Not to anticipate the contents of this volume, nor to refer too particularly to the little book of ours which preceded it; we would just observe, that we have been led to make this reflection, from having had occasion therein to record the closing scenes of the lives of many of the saints. We speak not of Harriet Newell's little babe; though, doubtless, the spreading veil of the covenant was drawn

even over it, by the hand of its mother's faith. We speak not merely of this infant, dying in the little cabin, amid the rockings of the tempest and the wailings of the shrouds; but we refer to its mother's death, softened indeed by the tenderness and care of an affectionate husband: to that of Isabella Graham, coming to the grave, like a shock of corn fully ripe, surrounded by her children and grand-children, the countenance of her friend being pleasant unto her: to Henry Martyn, expiring, as it were, under the lash of the merciless Hassan: and here, Buchanan, at a distance from his beloved Charlotte and Augusta, in solitude, unattended, save by one faithful servant, able only to signify that he wished his aching head to be held by his watchful Vaux, and then, without a moment's notice, surrendering his Spirit to his God! Yet dear in God's sight is the death of his saints! How far human sympathies may disturb the "bliss," or mitigate the "pain of dying," we know not; but it is comfortable to reflect, that, in the absence of them all, the ministrations of the Spirit will not be wanting, nay, that they probably come to the soul thus unfettered by

the presence of earthly objects, with a more full and unmingled sweetness.

Before finally parting with the subject of this memoir, we would just remind our young readers of the object of biography, and especially of religious biography, that it is to set before us, examples of piety, virtue, and every excellence, not merely for admiration, but for imitation. With this object in view, we would advise all who pause upon the *early* history of Buchanan, to avoid his faults, for they were great; and to remember that, from the hour when he left his father's house, till he was reconciled by faith in Christ Jesus to his Father in Heaven, he never knew one moment's peace of mind! They will observe also, that he no sooner knew the grace of God in truth, than he began to say, "what shall I render to the Lord for all his benefits?" This was no idle question, which any one might satisfy himself merely with asking: it led him to a course of laborious study, to a system of self-denying obedience to the will of God, and of the most strenuous, disinterested, long-continued, unabated, and ceaseless exertions in the service of his fellow-creatures. We refer not our young

readers to the great public acts of the life of Buchanan, because they may be considered as placed so high, as to be above or beyond the reach of their imitation; but we refer you, dear boys, to the *principle* which impelled them, to the end they had in view, to the reward with which, even in this life, God was pleased to crown them. While we desire to infuse into your bosoms a missionary spirit, we would not have you imagine that it is necessary to go either to the East or the West to experience it. No; you may be a missionary in your own country, in your native place, in your father's house, for alas! there are heathen at home, as well as on the banks of the Ganges; idolaters beyond the precincts of Juggernaut, who, though they worship not idols of wood and stone, too often worship idols of gold and silver! or who give the homage of the heart, with all its rich affections, to the creature more than to the Creator. O! do not thou thus, dearest reader, but remember who it is that hath said, "My son, give ME thine heart."



# MEMOIRS

OF THE

REV. HENRY MARTYN.

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IF one star differ from another star in glory, or if one man shall reign over five cities, and another over ten, then there seems to be room for ambition, even among Christians. Thrones, principalities, and dominions, however, would prove but weak and impotent incitements to duty, if the love of Christ constrained not; but, with the love of God shed abroad in the heart, all labour in his service seems light, and all privations become easy.

In attempting to present to the youthful reader, a brief outline of the life and labours of that eminent servant of the Lord Jesus, the Rev. Henry Martyn, we would earnestly desire to direct the mind to similar labours, and to similar objects of pursuit; to create in it

desires after the same Christian pre-eminence; and to cherish in it a high and holy ambition. Not that, in the spiritual firmament, dearest reader, thou mayest excel another star in glory, nor that, in the awards of eternity, it may be given to thee to rule over ten cities, or even over five; but that, on earth, in thy day and generation, thou mayest best promote the glory of God; that thou mayest attain to superior usefulness—superior love, meekness, lowliness of heart and spirit, and arrive at the highest and most sublime oblivion of self! These are objects worthy of Christian ambition: against these there is no law; and in the history of Henry Martyn, thy brother if thou be Christ's, thou wilt see to what extent they are attainable; and, remembering by whose grace "he was what he was," think, with gratitude and hope, that the same grace is sufficient even for thee.

HENRY MARTYN was born at Truro, in Cornwall, 18th February, 1781. His father, John Martyn, was at first in a very humble situation in life, having been a labourer in the mines in that country; but, in his intervals of leisure from labour, he diligently acquired

a knowledge of arithmetic and mathematics, which, added to the education he had received in a country school, raised him from a state of dependence on manual industry, to a situation in the office of Mr. Daniel a merchant in Truro, where he lived as chief clerk. To the grammar-school in this town his son Henry was sent in 1788, being then between seven and eight years of age. He was always considered a boy of promising abilities, and his proficiency was such as to answer the expectations which had been formed of him.

At this school, under the continued and excellent tuition of Dr. Cardew, the master, Henry remained till he was about fifteen, when he was induced to offer himself a candidate for a vacant scholarship at Corpus Christi College, Oxford. There he acquitted himself well, but, being both strongly and ably opposed, failed of his election; and returning home, continued at the school of Dr. Cardew till 1797. The signal success of that friend who had been his guide and protector at school, led Henry now to look towards Cambridge; and his residence at St. John's College, in that University, commenced in

the month of October, 1797. Here the friend of his "boyish days" became the counsellor of his riper years; and his successful application was such, that, at the public examination the following summer, he reached the second station in the first class, a point of elevation which flattered him extremely.

Though very amiable and moral in his character, unwearied in his application to his studies, and discovering no common talents, yet Henry does not appear, at this time, to have known any thing of the grace of God, or to have felt any particular interest in revealed truth. Happily for him, however, he had not only a religious friend at College, but he had an eminently pious sister at home; and to her, as well as to the rest of his family, he paid a visit in Cornwall, in the summer of 1799, carrying with him no small share of academical honours. To a pious sister a brother's spiritual welfare was necessarily very dear; consequently Henry's sister often conversed with him on the subject of religion. But to these subjects he seems to have had an extreme dislike, and afterwards confessed that "the sound of the gospel, conveyed in the admonition of a sister, was grating to his

ears." In consequence of her arguments, however, a conflict took place in his mind, between his convictions of the truth, as she had urged it upon him, and his love of the world. The latter, for the time, prevailed; and, though he promised his sister that he would read the Bible for himself, he was no sooner settled in College, than Newton engaged all his thoughts.

It pleased God, however, in his own way, to convince Henry that there was a knowledge he was yet ignorant of, which it was more important for him to learn, than to understand all mysteries, and all knowledge, merely human. The sudden death of his father, and his sorrow for his loss, seem to have been the means employed, by his heavenly Father, for teaching Henry this lesson, and for awakening him from that sleep in which all are wrapt, till, by the Spirit, they hear the voice of him who calleth the things that are not, as if they were.

"At the examination at Christmas, 1799," he thus writes, "I was first, and the account of it pleased my father prodigiously, who, I was told, was in great health and spirits. What was then my consternation, when, in

January, I received from my brother an account of his death! But, while I mourned the loss of an earthly parent, the angels in Heaven were rejoicing at my being so soon to find a heavenly one. As I had no taste at this time for my usual studies, I took up my Bible, thinking that the consideration of religion was rather suitable at this time; nevertheless, I often took up other books to engage my attention, and should have continued to do so, had not —— advised me to make this time an occasion for serious reflection. I began with the Acts, as being the most amusing; and, whilst I was entertained with the narrative, I found myself insensibly led to inquire more attentively into the doctrine of the Apostles. It corresponded nearly enough with the few notions I had received in my early youth. I believe, on the first night after, I began to pray from a precomposed form, in which I thanked God, in general, for having sent Christ into the world. But though I prayed for pardon, I had little sense of my own sinfulness; nevertheless, I began to consider myself as a religious man. The first time I went to chapel, I saw, with some degree of surprise at my

former inattention, that, in the *Magnificat*,\* there was a great degree of joy expressed at the coming of Christ, which I thought but reasonable. — had lent me Doddridge's *Rise and Progress*, the first part of which I could not bear to read, because it appeared to make religion consist too much in humiliation, and my proud and wicked heart would not bear to be brought down into the dust. And —, to whom I mentioned the gloom that I felt, after reading the first part of Doddridge, reprobated it strongly. Alas! did he think that we can go along the way that leadeth unto life, without entering in at the strait gate!—”

Soon after the loss sustained by Henry in the death of his father, a trial most severe to an affectionate and filial heart, the public exercises commenced at the University. He again devoted himself with intense application to his studies; and, at the close, his name stood first on the list at the College-examination in the summer of the year 1800. Grateful that, in the midst of that deep ab-

\* *My soul doth magnify the Lord,*” &c. Part of the service of the Church of England, taken from Luke i. 46—55.

straction which the nature of his pursuits demanded, the mercy of God had prevented the extinction of the spark of grace, which his Spirit had kindled in his heart, Henry thus writes to his sister at this time:—"What a blessing it is for me that I have such a sister as you, my dear ——, who have been so instrumental in keeping me in the right way. When I consider how little human assistance you have had, and the great knowledge to which you have attained in the subject of religion—especially observing the extreme ignorance of the most wise and learned of this world, I think this is itself a mark of the wonderful influence of the Holy Ghost, in the mind of well-disposed persons. It is certainly by the Spirit alone that we can have the will, or power, or knowledge, or confidence to pray; and by Him alone we can come unto the Father through Jesus Christ. Through him we both have access by one Spirit unto the Father. How I rejoiced to find that we disagreed only about words! I did not doubt, as you suppose, at all about that joy which true believers feel. Can there be any one subject, any one source of cheerfulness and joy, at all to be compared



with the heavenly serenity and comfort which such a person must find in holding communion with his God and Saviour in prayer—in addressing God as his Father, and, more than all, in the transporting hope of being preserved unto eternal life, and of singing praises to his Redeemer, when time shall be no more. O! I do indeed feel this state of mind at times; but, at other times, I feel quite humbled at finding myself so cold and hard-hearted. The labourer, as he drives on his plough, and the weaver who works at his loom, may have their thoughts entirely disengaged from their work, and may think with advantage on any religious subject; but the nature of our studies at college requires such a deep abstraction of the mind from all things, as completely to render it incapable of any thing else during many hours of the day. As to the dealings of the Almighty with me, you have heard, in general, the chief of my account. After the death of our father, you know I was extremely low-spirited, and, like most other people, began to consider seriously, without any particular determination, that invisible world to which he was gone, and to which

I must one day go. Yet still I read the Bible unenlightened, and said a prayer or two, rather through terror of a superior power, than from any other cause. Soon, however, I began to attend more diligently to the words of our Saviour in the New Testament, and to *devour them with delight*. When the offers of mercy and salvation were made so freely, I supplicated to be made a partaker of the covenant of grace, with eagerness and hope; and thanks be to the ever-blessed Trinity, for not leaving me without comfort. Throughout the whole, however, even when the light of divine truth was beginning to dawn on my mind, I was not under that great terror of future punishment, which I now see plainly I had every reason to feel. I look back now upon that course of wickedness, which, like a gulf of destruction, yawned to swallow me up, with a trembling delight, mixed with shame, at having lived so long in ignorance, and error, and blindness. I could say much more, my dear —, but I have no more room. I have only to express my acquiescence in *most* of your opinions, and to join with you in gratitude to God for his mercies to us.

May he preserve you and me, and all of us, to the day of the Lord!"

That such a letter, from a young convert, addressed to any believer, must have produced the most heart-felt delight, and unfeigned gratitude to God, cannot be doubted; but such a letter, from a hitherto incredulous, and unbelieving brother, to an affectionate and pious sister, in circumstances of sorrow and bereavement too, must have been received with the purest and most hallowed joy. Let those who, like Henry, are suffering the loss of any who were dear to them, like him endeavour to realize the things of that invisible world, to which they are gone—let them attend diligently to the 'words of the Saviour,' until, like him, receiving from the same Spirit the same heavenly taste, they also 'devour them with delight,' and beholding the freeness of the gift of salvation, come to supplicate for a share in its blessings. We have seldom read of any experience so free from terror, and so full of sweetness, as that now recorded in Henry's letter; and it should encourage any still standing aloof through fear, to see with what cords of love, and bands of a man, the

Spirit draweth to Christ those whom the Father hath given him.

We do not attempt to follow the footsteps of Henry, in his laudable pursuit of academical honours, because we are not quite qualified to write about such things. It may, however, be useful to the young reader to know, that, on the great occasion of his examination for a degree, in the University, Henry was enabled to enter the Senate-house with singular composure, from the certainly sanctified remembrance of a sermon he had heard, not long before, on these words: "Seekest thou great things for thyself? seek them not." But his want of anxiety on this occasion was no reason of want of success; for his decided superiority in mathematics soon appeared, and the highest academical honour was adjudged him in 1801, when he was not quite twenty years old. And, as whatever tends to confirm the truth of the word of God is pleasing, even though it may be demonstrative of the vanity of human things, and their incapacity to confer happiness, it may be recorded here, that Henry, on this occasion, confessed, "That while he obtained his highest wishes, he was surprised to find that he

had grasped a shadow!—No less true it is, as his excellent and elegant biographer has remarked, that “he who drinks of the water of the well of *this* life must thirst again, and that it is the water which springs up to *everlasting* life, which alone affords never-failing refreshment.”

Having thus arrived at the goal of his wishes, and attained those rewards due to his intellectual labours, Henry again visited Cornwall. Returning to Cambridge in the summer he passed his vacation there, much alone, and, from that circumstance, holding frequent communion with his own heart. “God was pleased,” he thus writes “to bless the solitude and retirement, I enjoyed this summer, to my improvement, and not till then had I experienced any real pleasure in religion. I was more convinced of sin than ever, more earnest in fleeing to Jesus for refuge, and more desirous of the renewal of my nature.”

It was at this time that an intimate acquaintance commenced between Henry and Mr. Simeon—a name dear to all who know what is due to the most eminent piety and exalted benevolence. From his conversa-

tion and example Henry formed his first idea of the excellence and dignity of the Christian ministry, from which it was but a short step to resolve on devoting himself to the same sacred office.

In the month of March, 1802, Mr. Martyn was chosen a fellow of St. John's, soon after which he revisited his relations in Cornwall, where, in the bosom of his family, he seems to have spent some delightful moments; and that season, he remarks, long left a "fragrancy upon his mind, the remembrance of which was sweet." "As my sister and myself," he writes, "were improved in our attainments, we tasted much agreeable intercourse. I did not stay much at Truro, on account of my brother's family of children; but, at Woodberry, with my brother-in-law, I passed some of the sweetest moments of my life. The deep solitude of the place favoured meditation: and the romantic scenery around supplied great external sources of pleasure. For want of other books, *I was obliged to read my Bible almost exclusively*; and from this I derived great spirituality of mind compared with what I had felt before."

In the beginning of October, 1802, Mr. Martyn exchanged these scenes of solitude and meditation for the labours of the University. And having dedicated himself to the ministry of the gospel, and thereby to the service of Christ, we find him at the close of this year, invested with the highest of all styles and titles on earth—that of a Christian Missionary. “In coming to this resolution,” says his interesting and eloquent biographer, “let it not be conceived that he could adopt it without the severest conflict in his mind; for he was endued with the truest sensibility of heart, and was susceptible of the warmest and tenderest attachments. No one could exceed him in love for his country, or in affection for his friends; and few could surpass him in an exquisite relish for the various and refined enjoyments of a social and literary life. How then could it fail of being a moment of extreme anguish, when he came to the resolution of leaving for ever all he held dear upon earth. But he was fully satisfied that the glory of that Saviour who loved him and gave himself for him, would be promoted by his going forth to preach the gospel to the heathen: he con-

sidered their pitiable and perilous situation; he thought on the value of their immortal souls; he remembered the last solemn injunction of his Lord, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." And, actuated by these motives, he offered himself in the capacity of a missionary to the Society for Missions to Africa and the East, and from that time stood prepared, with a child-like simplicity of spirit, and an unshaken constancy of soul, *to go to any part of the world* whither it might be deemed expedient to send him.

As the exercises of such a mind, at such a moment, cannot fail deeply to interest the reader, we quote the following passages from a letter to his sister, and from his private journal, as best depicting the state of his feelings on this occasion:—

"I received your letter yesterday, and thank God for the concern which you manifest for my spiritual welfare. O that we may love each other more and more in the Lord. The passages you bring from the word of God, were appropriate to my case, particularly those from the first Epistle of Peter, and that to the Ephesians, though I do not seem



to have given you a right view of my state. The dejection I sometimes labour under seems not to arise from doubts of my acceptance with God, though it tends to produce them; nor from desponding views of my own backwardness in the divine life, for I am more prone to self-dependence and conceit—but from the prospect of the *difficulties* I have to *encounter in the whole of my future life*. The thought that I must be unceasingly employed in the same kind of work amongst poor ignorant people, is what my proud spirit revolts at. To be obliged to submit to a thousand uncomfortable things that must happen to me, whether as a minister or a missionary, is what the flesh cannot endure. At these times I feel neither love to God nor man; and, in proportion as these graces of the Spirit languish, my besetting sins—pride, and discontent, and unwillingness for every duty, make me miserable.

“I have not that coldness in prayer you would expect, but generally find myself strengthened in faith, and humility, and love after it, but the impression is so short. I am at this time enabled to give myself, body,

soul, and spirit, to God, and perceive it to be my most reasonable service. How it may be when the trial comes I know not, yet I will trust and not be afraid. In order to *do* his will cheerfully, I want love for the souls of men to *suffer* it: I want humility. Let these be the subjects of your supplications for me. I am thankful to God you are so free from anxiety and care: we cannot but with praise acknowledge his goodness. What does it signify, whether we be rich or poor, if we are the sons of God? How unconscious are they of their real greatness, and will be so, till they find themselves in glory! When we contemplate our everlasting inheritance, it seems too good to be true; yet it is no more than is due to the blood of God manifest in the flesh.

“ A journey I took last week into Norfolk, seems to have contributed greatly to my health. The attention and admiration shown me are great and very dangerous. The praises of men do not now, indeed, flatter my vanity as formerly they did: I rather feel pain through anticipation of their consequences; but they tend to produce, imper-

ceptibly, a self-esteem and hardness of heart. How awful and awakening a consideration is it, that God judgeth not as man judgeth!"

The following passages are extracts from his journal:

—"Had some disheartening thoughts last night, at the prospects of being stripped of every earthly comfort; but who is it that maketh my comforts to be a source of enjoyment? Cannot the same make cold, and hunger, and nakedness, and peril, to be a train of ministering angels, conducting me to glory? O my soul, compare thyself with Paul, and with the example and precepts of the Lord Jesus Christ? Was it not his meat and drink to do the will of his heavenly Father?"

"Finished the account of Dr. Vanderkemp, and long to be sent to China. But I may reasonably doubt the reality of every gracious affection; they are so like the morning cloud; and transient as the early dew. If I had the true love of souls, I should long and labour for those around me, and afterwards for the conversion of the Heathen."

"I had distressing thoughts about the little prospect of happiness in my future life. Though God has not designed man to be a

solitary being, yet surely the child of God would delight to pour out his soul for whole days together before God. Stir up my soul to lay hold on thee, and remove from me the cloud of ignorance and sin that hides from me the glory of Jehovah.”

“After my prayers, my mind seems touched with humility and love, but the impression decays so soon! Resolved for the future, to use more watchfulness in reading and prayer.”

“My prayers have been frequent of late, but I cannot realize the presence of Almighty God. I have not enjoyed communion with him, or else there would not be such strangeness in my heart towards the world to come.”

“In my walk out, and during the remainder of the day, the sense of my own weakness and worthlessness called me to watchfulness and dependence on the grace of Christ.”—“My soul, rather benumbed than humble and contrite, tired with watchfulness though so short and so feeble.”—“Talked with much contemptuous severity about conformity to the world; alas! all that is done in this way had better be left undone.”—“This was a day when I could only, by

transient glimpses, perceive that all things were loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord.”

—“What is the state of my own soul before God? I believe that it is right in principle: I desire no other portion but God: but I pass so many hours as if there were no God at all. I live far below the hope, comfort, and holiness of the gospel. But be not slothful, O my soul; look unto Jesus the author and finisher of thy faith. For whom was grace intended if not for me? Are not the promises made to me? Is not my Maker in earnest, when he declareth he willeth my sanctification, and hath laid help on one that is mighty? I will, therefore, have no confidence in the flesh, but rejoice in the Lord, and the joy of the Lord shall be my strength. May I receive from above, a pure, a humble, a benevolent, a heavenly mind!”

We thought to have abridged these passages from the journal, descriptive of the feelings and experience of Henry, but they are so extremely sweet and heavenly, that, for the sake of giving them at some length, we shall add several more here, and rather curtail the narrative which follows:

“Rose at half-past five, and walked a little before chapel in a happy frame of mind. Endeavoured to maintain affectionate thoughts of God as my Father, on awakening in the morning. Setting a watch over my first thoughts, and endeavouring to make them humble and devout, I find to be an excellent preparation for prayer, and a right spirit during the day.—At chapel, the sacred melody wafted my soul to Heaven: the blessedness of Heaven appeared so sweet, that the very possibility of losing it appeared terrible, and raised a little disquiet with my joy. After all, I would rather live in an humble and dependent spirit; for then, perceiving underneath me the everlasting arms, I can enjoy my security.”

—“I see a great work before me now, namely, the subduing and mortifying my perverted will. What am I that I should *dare* to do my own will, even if I were not a sinner? But now how plain, how reasonable to have the love of Christ constraining me to be his faithful, willing servant, cheerfully taking up the cross he shall appoint me.”—“The reading of the Scriptures is to me one of the most delightful employments.

One cannot but be charmed with the beauty of the imagery, while they never fail to inspire me with awful thoughts of God and his hatred of sin.”—“Walked by moonlight, and found it a sweet relief to my mind to think of God, and consider my ways before him. I was strongly impressed with the vanity of the world, and could not help wondering at the imperceptible operation of grace, which had enabled me to resign expectations of happiness from it.”—“I felt the force of Baxter’s observation, that if an angel had appointed to meet me, I should be full of awe—how much more when I am about to meet God.”—“In my usual prayer at noon, besought God to give me a heart to do his will.”

But the Holy Spirit not only reveals to the believer the sweetness of the Father’s love, and the grace of his Son; he also unveils the odiousness of sin, and the loathsomeness of the corruptions that dwell in our own hearts. That Mr. Martyn was not ignorant of this part of the Spirit’s operations, is evident from what has been already quoted from his diary, but particularly and strikingly so from what follows:

“What a sink of corruption is the heart! and yet I can go from day to day in self-seeking and self-pleasing. Lord, show me myself, nothing but wounds, and bruises, and putrefying sores, and teach me to live by faith in Christ my all.”—“Reveal to me the evil of my heart, O thou heart-searching God!”—“O my God, who seest me write, and recordest in the book of thy remembrance, more faithfully, my sins and backslidings, bring down my soul to repent in dust and ashes for my waste of time, carnal complacency, and self-sufficiency. I would desire to devote myself anew to thee in Christ, though I fear I hardly know what it means, so great is really my ignorance of myself.”

—“Short and superficial at prayer this morning, and *there* undoubtedly is the evil. Learnt 15th John, and endeavoured faintly to be drawing nigh unto God. At Mr. Simeon’s church this evening, my mind was wandering and stupid. His sermon was very impressive, on Rev. iii. 2. Thanks to God that, though my graces are declining, and my corruptions increasing, I am not unwilling to be reclaimed. For with all this evil in my heart, I would not, could not, choose



any other than God for my portion." "At dear Mr. Simeon's rooms, I perceived that I had given him pain by inattention to his kind instructions. Base wretch that I am, that, by carelessness and unmortified pride, I should thus ungratefully repay his unexampled kindness. But, if the sense of ingratitude to man be thus painful, what ought I not to feel in reference to God, that good and holy Being, whose sparing mercy keeps me out of hell, though I daily dishonour Christ, and grieve his Holy Spirit! But, O my soul, it is awful to trifle in religion. Confession is not repentance, neither is the knowledge of sin contrition." "How utterly forgetful have I been this day of the need of Christ's grace; of my own poverty and vileness! Let me then remember, that all apparent joy in God, without humility, is a mere delusion of Satan." "This is my birth-day, and I am ashamed to review it. Lord Jesus, watch over me in the deceitful calm! Let me beware of the lethargy, lest it terminate in death. I desire, on this day, to renew my vows to the Lord; and O that every succeeding year of my life may be more devoted to his glory than the last."

“In every disease of the soul, let me charge myself with the blame, and Christ with the cure of it; so shall I be humbled, and Christ glorified.” “I found that the omission of my journal had been attended with bad effects. O wretched man that I am! if God’s word did not unequivocally declare the desperate wickedness of the heart, I should sink down in despair. Nothing but infinite grace can save me. But that which most grieves me, is, that I am not humbled at the contemplation of myself.” “May God give me a humble, contrite, child-like, affectionate spirit, and a willingness to forego my ease continually for his service.” “I desire to become a fool, that I may be wise; ‘the meek will he guide in judgment.’”

“Mr. Simeon preached on John xv. 12, ‘This is my commandment, that ye love one another.’ I saw my utter want of such a love as he described it; so disinterested, sympathizing, beneficent, and self-denying. Resolved to make the acquisition of it the daily subject of my future endeavours.”

“I cared not what was the state of pleasure or pain in my heart, so I knew its depth of iniquity, and could be poor and contrite in

spirit; but it is hard, and stubborn, and ignorant.” “Pride shows itself every hour of every day; what long and undisturbed possession does self-complacency hold of my heart! what plans and dreams, and visions of futurity fill my imagination, in which self is the prominent object.”

“At Mr. Simeon’s I was deeply impressed with his sermon on Eccles. viii. and 11. It was a complete picture of the human heart; and when he came to say, they sinned habitually, deliberately, and without remorse, I could scarcely believe I was so vile a wretch, as I then saw myself to be.” “How many of my days are lost if their worth is to be measured by the standard of prevailing heavenly-mindedness! I want, above all things, a willingness to be despised.”

“This day was set apart for a public fast. I prayed rather more than two hours, chiefly with confession of my own sins, those of my family, and the church. Alas! so much was required to be said on the first head, that I should have been at no loss to have dwelt upon it the whole day.” “If it is a mercy that I am out of hell, what account should I make of the glorious work of the ministry to

which I am to be called, who am not worthy to be trodden under foot of men.”

Mr. Martyn now prepared for the solemn rite of ordination, which was administered at Ely, on Sabbath the 22d October, 1803. And he began the exercise of his new functions, as curate to his friend and elder brother in Christ, the Rev. Charles Simeon, in the Church of the Holy Trinity, in Cambridge, and undertook, at the same time, the charge of Lolworth, a small village at no great distance from the University. There he preached his first sermon on the Sabbath after his ordination, on these words: “If a man die, shall he live again?—all the days of my appointed time will I wait till my change come,” Job xiv. 14. On Thursday, November 10th, he preached for the first time at Trinity Church, on John iv. 10, when it was his fervent wish, and earnest prayer, as well as characteristic of his style of preaching at all times, fully to enter into the spirit of these words:

“I’d preach as though I ne’er should preach again,  
I’d preach as dying, unto dying men.”

To his pastoral duties was added, this year, that of one of the public examiners in his

college; and it would not be saying too much, says his friend and biographer, to aver, that never since the foundation of the college, had an examination been held in a more Christian spirit, or more in accordance with the precept—"Do all to the glory of God."

With the new year, Mr. Martyn thus writes in his journal, on a review of the past:—"In heavenly contemplation my attainments have fallen far short of my expectation; but, in a sense of my own worthlessness and guilt, and in a consequent subjugation of the will, and in a disposition for labour and active exertion, I am inclined to think myself gaining ground. My soul approves thoroughly the life of God, and my one only desire is, to be entirely devoted to him; and, O may I live very near to him in the ensuing year, and follow the steps of Christ, and his holy saints. I have resigned, in profession, the riches, the honours, and the comforts of this world, and I think also, it is a resignation of the heart."

In the beginning of the year 1804, Mr. Martyn's hopes of becoming a missionary were considerably damped by the loss of his

slender patrimony, a loss which also extended to his sister. The situation of a chaplain to the East India Company appeared to many of his friends an eligible situation for Mr. Martyn; and they were not without hopes of seeing the Mission Church at Calcutta placed under his superintendence. Great obstacles, however, appeared to prevent this arrangement; and after spending some time in London, in inquiries after these objects, Mr. Martyn returned to Cambridge, where he resumed the exercise of his pastoral functions; and acted again as public examiner in June, 1804. Towards the end of this month, it appeared almost certain that Mr. Martyn would obtain a chaplainship in the company's service, and that, in the ensuing spring, he would be called to go out to India. Accordingly, in July he returned to Cornwall, to visit the friends and the scenes of his youth once more; and, as his biographer delicately expresses himself, "it was not merely the ties of family or friendship which bound Mr. Martyn to Cornwall: others there were of a tenderer, if not stronger kind; for he had conceived a deeply fixed attachment for one there, of whom

less ought not, and more cannot be said, than that she was worthy of him.”

To the churches where Mr. Martyn preached while in Cornwall, the common people crowded in numbers. At Kenwyn, where he preached from 2 Cor. v. 20, 21, the church was so full that many could not enter. His youngest sister heard him with delight—and the eldest with the appearance of being impressed by what he said. In the company of the former he had much pleasure, and with her would rather have sat by the bed of the sick and the dying, than preached to the largest churches in his native country, crowded with multitudes eager to hear him.

At length it became necessary for him to bid adieu to his friends in Cornwall; and to a heart of such sensibility, such a separation must have been, and was indeed, exquisitely painful; but that which most profoundly and poignantly affected him, was, doubtless, the parting detailed in the following extract:—

“Rode before ——— to ——— to an old man five miles off. Our conversation was such

as becometh saints, but it was too pleasant for me. I sighed at the thought of losing their company. When we arrived, the old man was out, but his sister, a blind woman of seventy, was confined to her bed without any comfortable hope. — and myself said every thing to cheer her, and I prayed. When the old man arrived, we formed a little circle before the door, under the trees, and he conversed with his young hearers, concerning the things of God. I then read the 84th Psalm. Our ride home was delightful, our hearts being all devoutly disposed; only mine was unhappy. Parted with — for ever in this life, with a sort of uncertain pain which I knew would increase to greater violence.”

These forebodings of Martyn were soon realized. On the evening of that day, and for many succeeding days, his mental agony was extreme—yet he could speak to God as to one who knew the great conflict within him; he was convinced that, as God willed his happiness, he was providing for it eventually by that bitter separation; and he resolved, through grace, to be his, though it



should be through much tribulation. The measure of his sufferings was filled up in parting with his beloved sisters:—

“They parted as if to meet no more;”

and, overwhelmed with inexpressible grief, could find no consolation but in mutually commending each other to the grace of God, in prayer.

At Plymouth, where he passed the Sabbath day, he regained his former sweet serenity of spirit. There he preached twice, on Daniel v. 22, 23, and on Rev. xxii. 17, “The Spirit and the bride say, Come,” &c. Here, he said, “his soul longed for the eternal world; and he could see nothing on earth for which he would wish to live another hour.”

From Plymouth he returned, by Bath and London, to Cambridge, from whence he writes as follows, to his dear sister:—“We should consider it as a sign for good, my dearest —, when the Lord reveals to us the almost desperate corruption of our hearts. For, if he causes us to groan under it, as an almost insupportable burden, he will, we may hope, in his own time, give us deliverance.

The pride which I see dwelling in my own heart, producing there the most obstinate hardness, I can truly say my soul abhors: I see it to be unreasonable, and I feel it to be tormenting. When I sometimes offer up my supplications with strong crying to God, to bring down my spirit into the dust, I endeavour calmly to contemplate the infinite majesty of the most high God, and my own meanness and wickedness. Or else I quietly tell the Lord, who knows the heart, that I would give him all the glory of every thing, if I could. But the most effectual way I have ever found, is to lead away my thoughts from myself, and my own concerns, by praying for all my friends, for the church, the world, the nation, and especially, by beseeching that God would glorify his own great name, by converting all nations to the obedience of faith; also, by praying that he would put more abundant honour on those Christians whom he seems to have honoured especially, and whom we see to be manifestly our superiors. This is at least a positive act of humility; and it is certain that, not only will a good principle produce a good act, but the act will increase the principle. But, even

after doing all this, there will often arise a certain self-complacence, which has need to be checked; and, in conversation with Christian friends, we should be careful, I think, how self is introduced. Unless we think that good will be done, self should be kept in the back ground and mortified. We are bound to be servants of all, ministering to their pleasure as far as will be to their profit. We are to look, not at our own things, but at the things of others. Be assured, my dear —, that, night and day, making mention of you in my prayers, I desire of God to give you to see the depth of pride and iniquity in your heart; yet not to be discouraged at the sight of it; that you may see yourself to be deserving to be cast out with abhorrence from God's presence, and thus may walk in continual poverty of spirit and the simplicity of a little child. Pray too that I may know something of humility. Blessed grace, how it smoothes the furrows of care, and gilds the dark paths of life! It will make us kind, tender-hearted, and affable; and enable us to do more for God and the gospel than the most fervent zeal without it.

“I am here without a companion. At

first, the change from agreeable society in Cornwall, as also from that I enjoyed at Plymouth, was very irksome, but it is good for me."

The pain Mr. Martyn felt, in his separation from his dear friends in Cornwall, was counterbalanced by the joy he had in his master's service. "Blessed be God," he said, "I feel myself to be *his minister*. This thought, which I can hardly describe, came in the morning after reading Brainerd. I wish for no service but the service of God, in labouring for souls on earth, and to do his will in Heaven."

This dear and eminent saint among his other labours, gave much of his time to the work of catechizing little children, often spending his evenings among them, and leaving, for their sake, the society of those in Cambridge he most loved. He also, as may be easily supposed, accounted the Sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord and honourable; and it is said to have been to him a "kind of transfiguration day in which his garments shone with a peculiar lustre."

As the time drew near when Mr. Martyn was about to enter on the work to which, by

the grace of God, he had dedicated himself, we find him thus writing in the view of it:—  
“This is the beginning of a critical year to me, yet I feel little apprehension. The same grace and long-suffering—the same wisdom and power that have brought me so far, will bring me on, though it be through fire and water, to a goodly heritage. I see no business before me in life but the work of Christ, neither do I desire any employment to all eternity, but his service. I am a sinner saved by grace. Every day’s experience convinces me of this truth. My daily sins and constant corruptions leave me no hope but that which is founded on God’s mercy in Christ. His Spirit, I trust, is imparted, and is renewing my nature, as I desire much, though I have attained but little. Now, to God, the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, would I solemnly renew my self-dedication to be his servant for ever.”

In the month of March, this year, Mr. Martyn received priest’s orders. This impressive rite was administered at St. James’s Chapel, London; after which he received the degree of Bachelor of Divinity, conferred on him by a mandate from the University. He

was now about to leave England; and, at the thoughts of his departure, the flesh betrayed that weakness which a man of such sensibility might be expected to experience. But he did not regret giving up all for Christ. "Life, he knew, was but a short journey, a little day, and then, if faithful unto death, his gracious reward would begin." He was more than ever persuaded of his call, and writes thus in his journal: "Rejoice, O my soul, thou shalt be a servant of God in this life, and in the next, for all the boundless ages of eternity!"

His parting with his flock was a severe trial to his affectionate heart, while they, on their part, were no less affected; and when he preached his farewell sermon, on 2 Sam. vii. 27—29, the whole assembly were dissolved in tears. The next day, April the 3d, he took his departure from Cambridge, accompanied, part of the way, by many young students of his acquaintance. In London, where he remained two months, he engaged in the study of the Hindoostanee language. There he occasionally preached, in the pulpit of the Rev. Mr. Cecil, at St. John's, Bedford Row. In London also, he was introduced to

the excellent Mr. Newton, who, expecting soon to be "gathered to his fathers," rejoiced to give this young minister his counsel and his blessing. One or two extracts from Mr. Martyn's journal, at this time, is all our limits will permit us to give.

"*May 16.* I went down with Captain M. to Deptford. Passing through an inn that was close to the water's side, I came, at once, to my great surprise, close to the Indiaman, before I was aware of it. The sudden sight of the water and of the ship affected me almost to tears. My emotions were mixed, partly of joy and partly of trembling apprehension, at my now being so soon to go away.

"*May 30.* Read Brainerd. I feel my heart knit to this dear man, and really rejoice to think of meeting him in heaven."

"*June 1.* Memory has been at work to unnerve my soul; but reason, and honour, and love to Christ and souls, prevail, Amen. God help me."

"*June 6.* God's interference in supporting me continually, appears to me like a miracle."

"*June 7.* I have not felt such heart-rend-

ing pain since I parted with —— in Cornwall. But the Lord brought me to consider the folly and wickedness of all this. I am cast down, but not destroyed. I began to consider why I was so uneasy. ‘Cast thy care upon him, for he careth for thee.’ ‘In every thing, by prayer and thanksgiving, let your requests be made known to God.’ These promises were sweetly fulfilled before long to me.”

“*June 15.* Shed tears to-night at the thoughts of my departure. I thought of the roaring seas which would soon be rolling between me and all that is dear to me upon earth.”

“*June 23.* The grief of the Misses —— at the departure of their brother for India, called forth some of my natural feelings. *Had I been going from necessity, it would almost break my heart.* But I go from choice, into a part of the vineyard where my dearest friend will be present. On the subject of the Mission, I seemed assisted to unfold my heart unto the Lord, and to pray for his mighty protection, in the fiery trial which is about to try me.”

On the 5th of July, Mr. Martyn left Lon-



don for Portsmouth. His grief by the way was extreme; so much so, that he fainted at the inn where he slept on the road. At Portsmouth, however, he was met by many of his brethren, whose presence was refreshing to him, especially that of the Rev. Mr. Simeon, who brought him comfortable news from his flock at Cambridge. They, on the day of his departure, intended to give themselves to fasting and prayer.

We pause not on the sufferings of Mr. Martyn, in parting with his friends. When he left England, he left it wholly for Christ's sake; and he *left it for ever*. On the 17th July, he sailed in the Union East Indiaman, for Calcutta; she touched, however, at Falmouth, by which means he had an opportunity, through this singular providence of God, of again embracing his family. It was, however, to him an occasion of again experiencing all the acute mental misery under which he had agonized before. On returning to the vessel, "Not being able," he says, "to reach the ship, I slept at a little public-house, where I lay down in the most acute mental misery."—"I went on board in extreme anguish, and found an opportunity in

the sloop by which I passed to the ship, to cry with brokenness of spirit to the Lord. Those words—‘Why sayest thou, O Jacob, and speakest, O Israel, my way is hid from the Lord, and my judgment is passed over from my God?’ were brought to my mind with such force, that I burst into a flood of tears, and felt much relieved in my soul, that God was thus compassionate, and the blessed Lord Jesus a merciful and compassionate High Priest, who condescended to sympathize with me. In the afternoon, it pleased God to give me a holy and blessed season in prayer, in which my soul recovered much of its wonted peace.”

And when finally parted from the shores of England, he thus expresses himself:—“England had disappeared, and with it all my peace. The pains of memory were all I felt. Would I go back? O no! but how can I be supported? My faith fails. I find, by experience, I am weak as water. O my dear friends in England, when we spake with exultation of the Mission to the Heathen, whilst in the midst of health, and joy, and hope, what an imperfect idea had we of the sufferings by which it must be accom-

plished!" But though this was the voice of his complainings, there were other moments when he could say, "I committed myself to rest, tossed by the roaring surges, but composed and peaceful, with the everlasting arms underneath me."

On Sabbath, the 11th August, he rose extremely weak and dejected: after simply crying to God for mercy and assistance, he preached from Heb. xi. 16. "But now they desire a better country, that is an heavenly; wherefore God is not ashamed to be called their God, for he hath prepared for them a city." On repeating the text a second time he could hardly refrain from tears. On the 14th September, the fleet came to anchor in the cove of Cork, and there Mr. Martyn found his comforts restored to him, and sweetly experienced the truth of that Scripture, "Though weeping may endure for a night, joy cometh in the morning." "After a long and blessed season in prayer," he says, "I felt the Spirit of adoption drawing me very near to God, and giving me the full assurance of his love. My fervent prayer was, that I might be more deeply and habitually convinced of his unchanging, ever-

lasting love, and that my whole soul might be altogether in Christ. I scarcely knew how to express the desire of my heart. I wanted to be all in Christ, and to have Christ for my all in all; to be encircled in his everlasting arms, and to be swallowed up altogether in his goodness.”

In these rapt and blessed feelings, and high and enviable desires, we leave him to pursue his voyage of many thousand leagues, and meeting him again at the end of it, present the reader with an extract from a letter to a dear Christian friend, on his arrival at Calcutta:

“My long and wearisome voyage is concluded, and I am at last arrived in the country where I am to spend my days in the work of the Lord. Scarcely can I believe myself to be so happy, as to be actually in India; yet this hath God wrought. Through changing climates and tempestuous seas he hath brought on his feeble worm to the field of action, and will I trust, speedily equip me for my work. I am now very far from you all, and, as often as I look round and view the Indian scenery, I sigh to think of the distance that separates us. Time, indeed, and

reflection, have, under God, contributed to make the separation less painful; yet still my thoughts recur, with unceasing fondness, to former friendships, and make the duty of intercession for you a happy privilege. Day and night I do not cease to pray for you; and I am willing to hope that you too remember me at the throne of grace. Let us not, by any means, forget one another, nor lose sight of the day of our next meeting. We have little to do with the business of this world; place and time have not that importance in our views that they have in those of others, and, therefore, neither change of situation nor lapse of years should weaken our Christian attachments. I see it to be my business to fulfil, as an hireling, my day, and then to leave the world, Amen. We shall meet in happier regions. I believe that those connexions, and comforts, and friendships, I have heretofore so desired, though they are the sweetest earthly blessings, are earthly still."

Mr. Martyn, on his arrival at Calcutta, was received by the Rev. David Brown, the friend and fellow-labourer of the Rev. Claudius Buchanan, then absent on his journey

to the southern coasts of India. In the family of Mr. Brown, Mr. Martyn became domesticated during the short time he remained in the neighbourhood of Calcutta. Here he was attacked with a fever, which continued some weeks, but from which, by the great mercy of God, he happily recovered. The society of his friend's family became so sweet to him, that he remarks, "I felt sometimes melancholy at the thought that I should soon be deprived of it. But, alas! why do I regret it? Sweet is human friendship—sweet is the communion of saints—but sweeter far is fellowship with God on earth, and the enjoyment of the society of his saints in heaven."

On the 13th of September Mr. Martyn received his appointment to Dinapore, and, at the beginning of October, prepared to leave that Christian family who had received him into its bosom and treated him with such tenderness and affection. He left them not, however, before he had the joy to welcome the arrival of two Christian brethren from England, who, following in his own brilliant track, had left the beloved land of their nativity, to become labourers in the east.

By the delight he experienced in beholding them, together with the letters which at this time reached him from those he tenderly loved in England, and various other circumstances, his affections of love and joy were so much excited, that his frame could scarcely sustain them.

A few days before Mr. Martyn departed from Aldeen—the place of Mr. Brown's residence—many of his friends came together to invoke a blessing on his future labours. Mr. Martyn's experience, at this time seems to have been indeed heavenly. "My soul never," he says, "had such divine enjoyment: I felt a desire to break from the body and join the high praises of the saints above."

On the 15th October, after taking leave of his friends, and of the church at Calcutta in a farewell sermon, he entered the budgerow or barge, which was to convey him to Dinapore, the scene of his future labours. Some of his friends accompanied him a short way up the Ganges, and then took leave, but not till after spending many delightful hours in religious exercises together, on which occasion, Mr. Martyn says, "How sweet is

prayer to my soul at this time! I seem as if I could never be tired not only of spiritual joys, but of spiritual employments, since these are now the same."

In his voyage up the Ganges, we find him employed in reading Bengalee with his Moonshee, studying Sanscrit grammar, Arabic roots, &c., translating the New Testament into Hindoostanee, distributing tracts, and conversing with the natives; but, as we cannot give even the most succinct abridgment of his journal at this time, we shall quote a few passages, from among many of great interest, those chiefly regarding his spiritual experience, as coming nearest to the bosom of the Christian reader:

"*October 17.* I was left alone for the first time with none but natives.—Storm of wind and rain—Perceiving the Moonshee to be alarmed at the violence of the waves beating against the boat, I began to talk to him about religion. He began by saying, 'May God be my protector.'—This was a favourable beginning."

"*October 19, Sunday.* The first solitary Sabbath spent among the heathen; but my soul not forsaken of God. The prayers of



my dear friends were instant for me this day, I well perceive; and a great part of my prayer was occupied in delightful intercession for them. The account of the fall of man, in the first chapters of Genesis, and of his restoration by Christ, was unspeakably affecting to my soul. Indeed, every thing I read seemed to be carried home with ineffable sweetness and power by the Spirit to my soul, and all that was within me blessed his holy name."

*“October 26, Sunday.* Passed this Lord's day with great comfort, and precious solemnity of soul. Glory be to God for this grace! Reading the Scripture and prayer took up the first part of the day. Almost every chapter I read was blessed to my soul, particularly the last chapter of Isaiah:—‘It shall come that I will gather all nations and tongues, and they shall come and see my glory,’ &c. Rejoice, my soul, in the sure promises of Jehovah. How happy am I when, preparing for the work of declaring his glory among the gentiles, I think many of the Lord's saints have been this day remembering their unworthy friend. I felt as if I could never be tired of prayer. In the

evening, we came to on the eastern bank. I walked into a neighbouring village with some tracts. The children ran away in great terror."

On his arrival at Berhampore, he went to see the cantonments at the hospital, in which were an hundred and fifty European soldiers sick. The surgeon proved to be an old school-fellow of Mr. Martyn's; he attempted to preach there, but could not obtain permission.

"*Sunday, Nov. 2.* My mind was greatly oppressed that I had done and was doing nothing in the way of distributing tracts.—Went on shore—gave a young man a Nagree Testament—the first I have given. May God's blessing go along with it, and cause the eyes of multitudes to be opened. The men said they would be glad to receive tracts, so I sent them back a considerable number. The idea of printing the parables, in proper order, with a short explanation subjoined to each, for the purpose of distribution, and as school-books, suggested itself to me to-night, and delighted me prodigiously."

"*Nov. 3.* Arrived at Chandry, and found ——— and ———. Walked with them over

some of the ruins of Gour; a mosque, which was still standing, was indeed worth seeing."

"*Nov. 4.* After officiating at morning worship, I went up with my friends, in a boat, to Gomalty, stopping by the way to visit one of their schools at Mirdypore, which much delighted me. The little boys, seated cross-legged on the ground, all round the room, read some of the New Testament to us. While they displayed their powers of reading, their fathers and mothers crowded in great numbers round the doors."

"*Nov. 5.* Received letters from Mr. Brown, Corrie, and Parsons, which much revived me. At evening worship, discoursed from Isaiah lxiii. 1. My soul continued sweetly engaged with God; though the praises of the people of Calcutta were, in some degree, an interruption of that sweet peace which is only to be found in being nothing before God."

"*Nov. 11.* This morning, after prayer, Mr. G. took his leave. I returned to my work. The thought occurred to my mind very strongly—how much have I to learn of divine things, if the Lord will be pleased to teach me. I want, above all, a meek, serious,

resigned, Christ-like spirit. May I have grace to live above every human motive, simply with God, and to God; and not swayed, especially in the mission work, by the opinions of people not acquainted with the state of things, whose judgment may be contrary to my own. But it is a matter of no small difficulty to keep one's eye from wandering to the Church in Calcutta and England."

"*Nov. 13.* This morning we passed Colgong. I went ashore, and had a long conversation with two men. When I mentioned the day of judgment, they looked at each other with the utmost wonder, with a look that expressed 'how should he know any thing of that?' I felt some satisfaction in finding myself pretty well understood in what I said; but they could not read, and no people came near us, so that I had the grief of leaving this place without supplying one ray of light. I was much burdened with a consciousness of blood-guiltiness; and though I cannot doubt of my pardon by the blood of Christ, yet how dreadful the reflection that any should perish who might have been saved by my exertions. Looking round this country, and reflecting upon its state, is enough to overwhelm the

mind of a minister or missionary. When once my mouth is opened, how shall I ever dare be silent?"

Engaged, in his way up the Ganges, in distributing tracts, in conversing with Brahmins and Fakirs and others—employed in writing on the parables, and in continuing his translation of the Testament, Mr. Martyn, on the 26th November, arrived at Dinapore, the scene of his future labours. Here his object was to establish schools; to study the native languages for the purpose of preaching to the people; and to prepare translations of the Scriptures and religious tracts for distribution. How diligently and unremittingly he laboured for the attainment of these ends, how often his spirit was overwhelmed within him by various events of which intelligence reached him while here—and how often he was kept from fainting by the power, and grace, and mercy of God, will be seen as we proceed in our narration.

—“Morning with Pundit in Sanscrit. In the afternoon hearing a parable in the Bahar dialect. Continued till late at night in writing on the parables. My soul much impressed with the immeasurable importance of my

work, and the wickedness and cruelty of wasting a moment, when so many nations, as it were, are waiting till I do my work.

“Employed at Sanscrit. In the afternoon collecting idiomatic phrases for the parables. Finished the first epistle of John with the Moonshee. I asked him whether some doubt ought not to arise in his mind whether the Koran was the word of God. He grew angry, and I felt hurt and vexed. I should have done better to have left the words of the chapter with him, without saying any thing. I went also too far with the Pundit in arguing against his superstitions, for he also grew angry. If any qualification seems necessary to a missionary in India, it is a wisdom operating in the regulation of the temper and improvement of opportunities.”

In the months of February and March, Mr. Martyn brought to a conclusion the translation of the *Book of Common Prayer* into the Hindoostanee, and a *Commentary on the Parables*; and on Sabbath, March the 15th, 1807, he conducted divine worship in the vernacular language of India. Mr. Martyn's duties at Dinapore at this time, on the Sabbath-day, consisted of a service at seven in

the morning to the Europeans—another at two to the Hindoos—and a third at his own rooms in the evening, to such of the soldiers who were inquiring after, or impressed with the value of divine truth. He had also much comfort in viewing the success of his labours among some of the officers stationed at Dinapore.

During the period from his arrival in November to this time, Mr. Martyn had not only enjoyed the receipt of letters from his Christian friends at Calcutta, but had also the high and delightful gratification of seeing one of them, the Rev. Mr. Corrie, on his way to his station at Chunar; and the intercourse he afterwards held weekly by letter with this his dear brother and fellow-labourer, was a source of the greatest happiness he enjoyed in that country, for Mr. Corrie was of “one heart with himself.” We have already mentioned Mr. Martyn’s successful labours in translation, and his unwearied performance of public duty in preaching.—Of his schools, the third object of his mission, he thus writes, in a letter to the Rev. Mr. Corrie:

“Your schools flourish—blessed be God! The Dinapore school is resorted to from all

quarters, even from the other side of the river. 'The Bankipore school is also going on well. I did not institute more, till I see the Christian books introduced. 'The more schools, the more noise, the more inquiry, and more suspicion of its being of a political nature. I bless God you are brought to act with me on a broad and cautious plan; but I trust our motto shall be, 'constant though cautious,'—never ceasing to keep our attention fixed steadily on the state of things, and being swift to embrace every opportunity.'

In addition to his other labours in the translations, his friend, the Rev. David Brown, made a proposal to Mr. Martyn this year, to engage in superintending the translation of the Scriptures into Persian. This he accepted with pleasure, but with diffidence; and in the prosecution of these various, arduous, and sacred engagements, he thus writes of the delight they afforded him:

“The time fled imperceptibly, so delightfully engaged in the translations; the days seemed to have passed like a moment. Blessed be God for some improvement in the languages! May every thing be for edification in the church! What do I not owe



the Lord for permitting me to take part in a translation of his word—never did I see such wonder, and wisdom, and love in the blessed book, as since I have been obliged to study every expression; and it is a delightful reflection, that death cannot deprive us of the pleasure of studying its mysteries.”

“All day at translations. Employed a good while at night in considering a difficult passage; and being much enlightened respecting it, I went to bed full of astonishment at the wonder of God’s word.”

“What a source of perpetual delight have I in the precious book of God! O that my heart were more spiritual to keep pace with my understanding, and that I could feel as I know! May my root and foundation be deep in love, and may I be able to comprehend with all saints, what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height, and to know the love of God which passeth knowledge, and may I be filled with all the fulness of God:—and may the Lord prevent me from setting up an idol of any sort in his place, as I do by preferring even a work professedly for him, to communion with him.”

While Mr. Martyn was employed in this

delightful duty, engaged in the great design of completing his translation of the New Testament in Hindoostanee, and in superintending a version of the same into Persian, the news of the death of his eldest sister, in England, came upon him with sudden anguish, and awoke in him again all those deep and living sensibilities which, on his departure from his native country, he had shown, dwelt in his affectionate bosom. "O my heart, my heart," he exclaimed, "is it, can it be true that she has been lying so many months in the cold grave! would that I could always remember it, or always forget it; but to think for a moment of other things, and then to feel the remembrance of it come, as if for the first time, rends my heart asunder. When I look round upon the creation, and think that her eyes see it not, but have closed upon it for ever—that I lie down in my bed, but that she has lain down in her grave—O! is it possible! I wonder to find myself still in life—that the same tie that united us in life had not brought death at the same moment to both. O great and gracious God! what should I do without *Thee!* But now thou art manifesting thyself as the God

of all consolation to my soul—never was I so near thee—I stand on the brink, and I long to take my flight. And how shall my soul ever be thankful enough to thee, O! thou most incomprehensibly glorious Saviour Jesus! O what hast thou done to alleviate the sorrows of life! and how great has been the mercy of God to my family in saving us all! How dreadful would be the separation of relations in death, were it not for Jesus!”

To this great affliction was added one of another kind, which Mr. Martyn soon after experienced. He had been advised by those whose friendship and judgment he valued, to consider that the dreariness and solitude of a distant station in India, required him to have a companion; and a proposal of marriage was by him made to that individual in Cornwall, for whom he still retained an unabated affection. “This overture, for reasons which afterwards commended themselves to Mr. Martyn’s own judgment, was now declined,” on which occasion this interesting Christian, feeling as a man, thus expresses himself:—“The Lord sanctify this; and since the last desire of my heart is also withheld, may I turn away for ever from the

world, and henceforth live forgetful of all but God. With thee, O my God, is no disappointment. I shall never have to regret that I have loved thee too well.”

And a little after he writes thus:—“At first I was more grieved at the loss of my gourd, than of the perishing Ninevehs all around me: but now my earthly woes and earthly attachments seem to be absorbing in the vast concern of communicating the gospel to those nations. After this last lesson from God on the vanity of the creature, I feel desirous to be nothing—to have nothing—to ask for nothing, but what he gives.”

On account of the state of the weather, public worship was suspended for some time at Dinapore; but, about the middle of February, Mr. Martyn came to the resolution of receiving the people under his own roof rather than have them remain longer without ordinances. On this occasion the following interesting passage occurs in his journal:—“As many of the European regiment as were effective were accommodated under my roof; and praise be to God we had public ordinances once more. In the afternoon I waited for the women, but not one

came; perhaps notice had not been given them. At the hospital, and with the men at night, I was engaged, as usual, in prayer: My soul panted after the living God, but it remained tied and bound with corruption. I felt as if I would have given the world to be brought to be alone with God, and the promise that this is the will of God, even our sanctification, was the right hand that upheld me while I followed hard after him. When low in spirits, through an unwillingness to take up the cross, I found myself more resigned by endeavouring to realize the thought that had often composed me in my trials on board of ship—that I was born to suffer. Suffering is my daily appointed portion—let this reconcile me to every thing. To have a will of my own, not agreeable to God's, is a most tremendous wickedness. In perfect meekness and resignation, let me take what befalls me in the path of duty, and never dare to think of being dissatisfied."

A relaxation from exhausting public duties, would, at this time, have been rather beneficial to Mr. Martyn, so far as regarded his personal comfort; for he was now suffer-

ing under an attack, similar to that he had been visited with the year before, and he was beginning again to experience some severe pains in his chest. His incessant labours agreed rather with the vehement ardour of his mind, than with his naturally delicate constitution; and in a country at a time where "the heat was often at ninety-eight degrees, and the nights insupportable," he concluded that "great work for which myriads, in the ages yet to come, will gratefully remember and revere the name of Martyn, *the Version of the New Testament into Hindoostanee!*"

During the rest of the year, Mr. Martyn continued the same undeviating line of usefulness and diligence, employed in the discharge of his pastoral duties among the natives and Europeans at Dinapore; and engaged with Mirza and Sabat in the Persian translation, his life was varied by few incidents, but it was cheered with the delightful interchange of a frequent correspondence with his friends, the Rev. David Brown, and the Rev. Daniel Corrie. At the conclusion of the first gospel in Persian, he writes to Mr. Brown: "My work is very delightful in

itself, but it is doubly so by securing me so much of your correspondence. My eyes seize your beloved hand-writing with more eagerness than if the letter were from Europe. I rejoice with you, and praise God for one gospel in Persian. With elegance enough to attract the careless and please the fastidious, it contains enough of eternal life to save the reader's soul; therefore if we do no more, we may be happy that something is done."

In the month of April, 1809, Mr. Martyn was removed from Dinapore to Cawnpore. At Cawnpore his ministerial duties were much the same as in his former station. While here he was again afflicted by intelligence similar to what had overwhelmed him the preceding year, namely, an account of the dangerous illness of his youngest sister, which intimation was quickly followed by the news of her death. At this time he concluded a letter to that dear sister's husband in these words: "In the first three years after leaving my native land, I have lost the three persons I most loved in it. What is there now I should wish to live for? O what a barren desert, what a howling wilderness

does this world appear. But for the service of God in his church, and the preparation of my own soul, I do not know that I would wish to live another day."

Towards the end of this year, Mr. Martyn began his public ministration among the Heathen. A crowd of poor who assembled round his house for the sake of receiving alms, he frequently appointed to meet on a stated day, and to them he preached the word of life. The following account of his first essay in this new labour shows that he spake not to them in "words of man's wisdom," but with the utmost simplicity of speech. "I told them that I gave with pleasure the alms I could afford, but that I wished to give them something better, namely, eternal riches, and then producing a Hindoostanee translation of Genesis, read the first verse, and explained it word by word. In the beginning, when there was nothing, no heaven and no earth, but only God, he created without help, for his own pleasure. But who is God? One so great, so good, so wise, so mighty, that none can know him as he ought to know. But yet we must know that he knows us. When we rise up, or sit



down, or go out, he is always with us. He created heaven and earth; therefore every thing in heaven, sun, moon, and stars. Therefore, how should the sun be God, or moon be God? Every thing on earth, therefore, Ganges also, therefore how should Ganges be God? If a shoemaker make a pair of shoes, are the shoes like him? If a man make an image, the image is not like man his maker. Infer secondly, if God made the heaven and earth for you, and made the meat also for you, will he not feed you? Know, also, that he that made heaven and earth, can destroy them, and will do it; therefore fear God who is so great, and love God who is so good." The following Sabbath he preached again to the mendicants, about five hundred in number, on the work of the first and second day, when his discourse was frequently interrupted by their applauses. This congregation, to which Mr. Martyn continued to minister, sometimes amounted to eight hundred persons; and he had the satisfaction, not merely of seeing their numbers increase, but in witnessing in them growing attention to, and interest in, the truths he delivered. But, in the midst of these labours,

he was reminded, by another severe attack on his chest, of the necessity of moderating his exertions. His friend, Mr. Corrie, on his way to his new station at Agra, arrived at Cawnpore, and, by dividing part of the exercises of the Sabbath-day with Mr. Martyn, gave him a little more rest; but his health still continued in so precarious a state; that either to make trial of the effect of a sea voyage, or to return for a time to England, seemed to be absolutely necessary. While hesitating what course to pursue, he was determined, by the opinion entertained of the Persian version of the New Testament, generally thought to abound too much with Arabic idioms, and therefore to be unfit for general circulation, to go into Arabia and Persia, for the purpose of collecting the opinions of learned natives upon the subject, as well as on that of the Arabic version, which, though still incomplete, was nearly finished. On communicating these intentions to Mr. Brown, he thus writes in reply: "But can I," said he, "bring myself to cut the string and let you go? I confess I could not, if your bodily frame was strong, and promised to last for half a century. But as you burn

with the intenseness and rapid blaze of heated phosphorus, why should we not make the most of you? your flame may last as long, and perhaps longer, in Arabia than in India. Where should the phœnix build her odoriferous nest, but in the land prophetically called ‘the blessed?’ and where shall we ever expect, but from that country, the true Comforter to come to the nations of the east. I contemplate your New Testament, springing up, as it were, from dust and ashes, but beautiful as the wings of a dove covered with silver, and her feathers like yellow gold.”

On the 1st of October, the day following that on which he delivered a most affecting farewell discourse in the church at Cawnpore, Mr. Martyn set out for the residence of Mr. Brown at Aldeen. There, on his arrival, his friends beholding his wasted frame and pallid countenance, scarcely knew whether more to mourn or rejoice at their meeting. One who saw him at this time at Calcutta, said—“He is going to Persia in pursuit of health and knowledge—he has some great plan in his mind, far too grand for one short life to accomplish—and much beyond

his feeble frame—Feeble it is indeed! fallen and changed—In all other respects he is the same; he shines in all the dignity of love, and seems to carry about with him such a heavenly majesty as impresses the mind beyond description. But if he talks much he sinks, and you are reminded he is but dust and ashes!”

“I now pass,” says Mr. Martyn, on the 1st January, 1811, “from India to Arabia, not knowing what things that shall befall me there, but assured that an ever faithful God and Saviour will be with me in all places whithersoever I go.” With this precious persuasion for hope, courage, and consolation, Mr. Martyn departed from Calcutta on the 7th of January, to revisit India no more, though in India he had “fondly and fully purposed to spend all his days.”

An interval of five months elapsed between the departure of Mr. Martyn from the Hoogley and his arrival at Shiraz. - On the 22d of May he landed at Bushire, from whence he proceeded on the 30th to Shiraz; the description of his Persian costume, now first assumed, he gives as follows: “On the 30th of May, our Persian dresses being rea-

dy, we set out for Shiraz. The Persian dress consists of stockings and shoes in one; next, a pair of large blue trowsers, or else a pair of huge red boots; then a shirt; then the tunic, and above it the coat, both of chintz, and a greatcoat. I have here described my own dress most of which I have on at this moment. If, to this description of my dress I add, that my beard and mustachios have been suffered to vegetate undisturbed ever since I left India—that I am sitting on a Persian carpet in a room without chairs, that I bury my hand in the pilaw, without waiting for spoon or plate, you will give me credit for being already an accomplished oriental.”

The first part of the journey from Bushire to Shiraz was very pleasant. The cafila consisted chiefly of mules with a few horses. The muleteer favoured Mr. Martyn with his poney, which had a bell round its neck. They first proceeded over a plain. “It was,” says Mr. Martyn, “a fine moonlight night; the scene new, and perfectly oriental, and nothing prevented me from indulging my own reflections. I felt a little melancholy, but commended myself anew to God,

and felt assured of his blessing, and protection, and presence. As the night advanced, one of the muleteers began to sing, and sang in a voice so plaintive, it was impossible not to have one's attention arrested. Every voice was hushed."

So far the journey was agreeable, but, in the course of the following day the heat became so intense, that Mr. Martyn began to lose his strength rapidly. He wrapped himself in a blanket to exclude the external air, by which means the moisture was kept up a little longer in the body; but when the thermometer stood at last at  $126^{\circ}$ , he composed himself, concluding that though he might hold out a day or two, death was inevitable. The cool air of the night, however, restored him wonderfully; and, during the following day he secured himself from the heat by wrapping a wet towel round his head and body, and muffling up his extremities in clothes. The next day he had recourse to the same expedient, which he writes—"kept me alive, but would allow of no sleep. It was a sorrowful Sabbath, but Captain — read a few hymns, in which I found great consolation." As they began to ascend the

mountains, the temperature in the night became as painful from excessive cold as that of the day from excessive heat. At last, on the 7th of June, they pitched their tent in the vale of Dustarjan, near a crystal stream, the banks of which were covered with golden cups and clover—the whole valley one green field, herds of cattle browsing, and the temperature about that of the spring in England. There a few hours' sleep recovered Mr. Martyn in some degree, and he writes—“I awoke with a light heart, and said, ‘He knoweth our frame, and remembereth we are dust. He redeemeth our life from destruction, and crowneth us with loving-kindness and tender mercies. He maketh us lie down in the green pastures, and leadeth us beside the still waters. And when we have left this vale of tears, there is no more sorrow, nor sighing nor any more pain. The sun shall not light upon thee, nor any heat, but the lamb shall lead thee to living fountains.’”

On the morning of the 9th, they found themselves in the plain of Shiraz, and put up first at a garden, but afterwards Mr. Martyn lived with Jaffier Ali Khan.

Having arrived at this celebrated seat of Persian literature, and ascertained the opinion of the learned in regard to Sabat's translation of the New Testament, Mr. Martyn immediately commenced another version in the Persian language. He took up his abode at the house of Jaffier Ali Khan, a Mahometan of rank, to whom he had letters of introduction, and who treated his interesting guest with the greatest kindness and affection. In the brother-in-law of his host, Mirza Seid Ali Khan, Mr. Martyn found an able and willing assistant in the work he had in view, which was begun on the 17th of July, about a week after this indefatigable labourer had arrived at the city of Shiraz. As Mr. Martyn was himself an object of curiosity to many around him, and the sacred book which he was translating a subject quite new to his coadjutor, he was frequently interrupted, both by visitors on the one hand, and by the interrogations of Mirza Seid Ali on the other. As many of the strangers who came to see Mr. Martyn were prompted either by idle curiosity, or for the purpose of parading a vain philosophy, or trying him with hard questions, or discoursing in unintelligible lan-



guage of the mysticisms of Soofeism, any relation of their visits or conversation would be equally uninteresting and unprofitable to our young readers; we shall therefore be very select, and as sparing of our extracts from Mr. Martyn's journal at this time, as the desire of preserving a connected narrative will admit of. The following is an account of a conversation he held with a Jew Mahometan who came to visit him, and which is not without interest:

“*July 1st.* Abdoolghunee, the Jew Mahometan, came to prove that he had found Mohammed in the Pentateuch. Among other strange things, he said, that the Edomites meant the Europeans, and Mount Sion was in Europe. Afterwards Seid Ali asked me to tell him in confidence, why I believed no prophet could come after Christ. I chose to begin with the Atonement, and wished to show, that it was of such a nature, that salvation by another was impossible. ‘You talk,’ said he, ‘of the Atonement, but I do not see it any where in the gospel.’ After citing two passages from the gospels, I read the third chapter of Romans, and the fifty-third of Isaiah. With the latter he was much

struck. He asked many more questions, the scope of which was, that though Islamism might not be true, he might still remain in it, and be saved by the gospel. I said, 'You deny the Divinity of Christ.'—'I see no difficulty in that,' said he. 'You do not observe the institutions of Christ—Baptism and the Lord's Supper.'—'These,' said he, 'are mere emblems, and if a man have the reality, what need of emblems.' 'Christ,' said I, 'foresaw that the reality would not be so constantly perceived without them, and therefore he enjoined them.' He said, that in his childhood he used to cry while hearing about the sufferings of Christ, and he wept while mentioning it.

This is by far the most interesting person mentioned in the course of Mr. Martyn's daily notices in his journal, while at Shiraz, viz. his fellow-workman Mirza Seid Ali. The following conversation took place between them while engaged in reading the 12th chap. of John, and we can conceive that the pensive Persian was not the only one who shed tears on this occasion.

“*July 4th.* Seid Ali, while perusing the twelfth of John, observed, ‘How he loved

these twelve persons!’ ‘Yes,’ said I, ‘and all those who believe in him, through their word.’ After our work was done, he began to say, ‘From my childhood I have been in search of a religion, and am still undecided. Till now, I never had an opportunity of conversing with those of another religion: the English I have met in Persia have generally been soldiers, or men occupied with the world.’ To some remarks I made about the necessity of having the mind made up upon such a subject, considering the shortness of our stay here, he seemed cordially to assent, and shed tears. I recommended prayer, and the consideration of that text, ‘If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine,’ and spoke as having found it verified in my own experience, that when I could once say before God, ‘What wilt thou have me to do?’ I found peace.—I then went through all the different states of my mind at the time I was called to the knowledge of the gospel. He listened with great interest, and said, ‘You must not regret the loss of so much time as you give me, because it does me good.’”

The gentile may be dear to the Christian,

because he is his brother according to the flesh, and because both alike have been so long strangers and aliens from the commonwealth of Israel. But he who remembers that "salvation is of the Jews," must ever feel his heart yearn with a peculiar sympathy over the outcasts of Israel; and, knowing how tenderly they are beloved for the Father's sake, seek to remind them of that love, and point them to ONE who said of them, "for my love they are my enemies." We know nothing short of the spirit of this love that could have prompted the exquisitely appropriate and tender replies of Mr. Martyn to the two Jews who came to visit him on the 5th; nor any thing more touching than their desire to hear that delightful truth repeated, that the Christians love the Jews more than they do the Mahometans.

"5th. The Jew came again, with another Jew, both Musselmans. The Prince gives every Jew, on conversion, an honorary dress; so they are turning Mahometans every day. A young man, son of the old Jew, asked, 'how it could be supposed that God would leave so many nations so long in darkness, if Islamism be an error?' The father sat,

with great complacency, to see how I could get over this. I asked 'Why God, for four thousand years, made himself known to their nation only, and left all the rest in darkness?' They were silent.

"The old man, forgetting he was a Musulman, asked again, 'If Jesus was the Messiah, why did not the fiery wrath of God break out against them, as it did formerly for every small offence? But first,' said he, 'what do you think of God's severity to the Jews at other times?' I said 'If my son do any thing wrong, I punish him; but with the thieves and murderers out of doors, I have nothing to do.' This affected the old man; and his son recollected many passages in the Bible appropriate to this sentiment, and said, 'Yes, they were indeed a chosen generation.' I proceeded, 'But did not the wrath of God break out against you at the death of Christ, in a more dreadful manner than ever it did?' They mentioned the Captivity. 'But what (said I) was the Captivity? it lasted but seventy years. But now seventeen hundred years have passed away; and have you a king, or a temple? Are you

not mean and despised every where?' They seemed to feel this, and nodded assent.

“During this conversation, I said; ‘God has raised up a great prophet from the midst of you, and now you are gone after a stranger of a nation who were always your enemies. You acknowledge Jesus, indeed; but it is only for fear of the sword of the Ishmaelite.’ They wondered why Christians should love them more than they do the Mahometans, as I told them we did, and pretended to argue against it as unreasonable, evidently from a wish to hear me repeat a truth which was so agreeable to them.”

The day following that on which the above conversation took place with the Jews, Mr. Martyn went with the ambassador and suite to the court of Prince Abbas Mirza, the son of the king of Persia. The account of this visit of ceremony is as follows:

“6th. Early this morning, I went with the ambassador and his suite, to court, wearing, agreeably to costume, a pair of red cloth stockings, with green high-heeled shoes. When we entered the great court of the palace, a hundred fountains began to play.

The prince appeared at the opposite side, in his talar, or hall of audience, seated on the ground. Here our first bow was made. When we came in sight of him, we bowed a second time, and entered the room. He did not rise, nor take notice of any but the ambassador, with whom he conversed at the distance of the breadth of the room. Two of his ministers stood in front of the hall, outside; the ambassador's Michmandar, and the master of the ceremonies, within, at the door. We sat down in order, in a line with the ambassador, with our hats on. I never saw a more sweet and engaging countenance than the prince's; there was such an appearance of good nature and humility in all his demeanor, that I could scarcely bring myself to believe that he would be guilty of any thing cruel or tyrannical."

While Mr. Martyn was thus accessible to Jews and Mahometans, and obedient to the powers that be, giving honour to whom honour was due, he was also occasionally indulged in moments of sweet and sacred retirement. Lying among clusters of grapes, by the side of a clear stream, or sitting under the shade of an orange tree, he passed many

a tranquil hour, and many a quiet Sabbath: of the first of these Sabbaths he thus writes:

“*July 14.* The first Sabbath morning I have had to myself this long time, and I spent it with comfort and profit. Read Isaiah chiefly, and hymns, which, as usual, brought to my remembrance the children of God in all parts of the earth; remembered, especially, dear \* \* \*, as he desired me, on this his birth-day.”

While Mr. Martyn lost no opportunity of speaking in private on the subject of religion, both to Jews and Mussulmans, or whoever visited him, addressing himself to the heart, conscience, and understandings of men; he no less boldly avowed in public, the truth, doctrines, and authority of the Holy Scriptures as peculiarly connected with Christianity, and above all, the divinity of the adorable Redeemer. His zeal in maintaining these doctrines, and especially the divinity of the Messiah, appears often to have exposed him to the contempt even of those learned Persians who appreciated and respected his eminent acquirements in mathematics and the other sciences; as well as to have subjected him to the rudest insults of the vulgar. Re-



ferring to a certain Moollah, or priest, whom he describes as both a sensible and candid man, he remarks:

“He has nothing to find fault with in Christianity, but the divinity of Christ. It is this doctrine that exposes me to the contempt of the learned Mahometans, in whom it is difficult to say whether pride or ignorance predominates. Their sneers are more difficult to bear than the brickbats which the boys sometimes throw at me: however, both are an honour of which I am not worthy. How many times in the day have I occasion to repeat the words,

‘If on my face, for thy dear name,  
Shame and reproaches be;  
All hail reproach, and welcome shame,  
If Thou remember me.’

“The more they wish me to give up one point—the divinity of Christ—the more I seem to feel the necessity of it, and rejoice and glory in it. Indeed, I trust I would sooner give up my life than surrender it.”

On account of Mr. Martyn’s frequent disputations with Moollahs and professors, on the subject of their faith and of his own, as well as on account of his translation of the

New Testament into Persian, a defence of Mahometanism made its appearance in Shiraz, at this time, written by the preceptor of all the Moollahs. This work Mr. Martyn immediately prepared to refute, in dependence on the wisdom that cometh from above, and he is said to have done so with great plainness and meekness; but, whether any of his opponents were convinced by his arguments of the errors of Islamism, is not mentioned, though Mirza Ibraheem, the author of the defence, received the reply with much candour.

In the month of August, Mr. Martyn appears to have made a visit to the celebrated ruins of Persepolis. His reflections on that occasion are valuable and interesting; but we have, we are sorry to say, no room for the thousandth part of what is equally valuable and interesting in the volume from which we deduce our little narrative. One anecdote, only, we shall quote from his journal on this excursion; it is as follows:

“One of my guards was a pensive, romantic sort of a man, as far as Eastern men can be romantic, that is, he is constantly reciting love verses. He often broke a long

silence by a sudden question of this sort: 'Sir, what is the chief good of life?' I replied, 'The love of God.' 'What next?' 'The love of man.' 'That is,' said he, 'to have men love us, or to love them?' 'To love them.' He did not seem to agree with me. Another time he asked, 'Who were the worst people in the world?'—I said, 'Those who know their duty and do not practise it.' "

About the end of November, Mr. Martyn had proceeded so far in his translation of the New Testament, that he ordered two superb copies to be prepared with the intention of presenting them to the king of Persia, and to Prince Abbas Mirza, his son. Resolving to remain at Shiraz all the winter, he began a version of the Psalms of David into Persian, from the original Hebrew, and, while engaged in this sweet labour, he experienced all that delight which such a mind, so imbued with piety and poetry, could be supposed to derive from a constant meditation on such precious Scriptures. The year 1812, the last of his life on earth, Mr. Martyn commenced with the following beautiful reflections:

“The last year has been, in some respects, a memorable year. I have been led, by what I have reason to consider as the particular providence of God, to this place, and undertaken an important work, which has gone on without material interruption, and is now nearly finished. I like to find myself employed usefully, in a way I did not expect or foresee, especially if my own will is in any degree crossed by the work unexpectedly assigned me; as there is then reason to believe that God is acting. The present year will probably be a perilous one; but my life is of little consequence, whether I live to finish the Persian New Testament, or do not. I look back with pity and shame upon my former self, when I attached importance to my life and labours. The more I see of my works, the more I am ashamed of them. Coarseness and clumsiness mar all the works of man. I am sick, when I look at man, and his wisdom, and his doings, and am relieved only by reflecting that we have a city, whose builder and maker is God. The least of *his* works *here* it is refreshing to look on. A dried leaf, or a straw, makes

me feel myself in good company; complacency and admiration take place of disgust.

“I compare, with pain, our Persian translation with the original; to say nothing of the precision and elegance of the sacred text, its perspicuity is that which sets at defiance all attempts to equal it.”

Mirza Seid Ali having repeated to Mr. Martyn a blasphemous distich made by one of his friends on Jesus Christ, Mr. Martyn was unspeakably shocked by it. To Seid Ali's inquiring why he was so much affected, he replied in the following emphatic language:

“Mirza Seid Ali perceived that I was considerably disordered, and was sorry for having repeated the verse, but asked, what it was that was so offensive? I told him, ‘I could not endure existence, if Jesus was not glorified; that it would be hell to me, if he were to be always thus dishonoured.’ He was astonished, and again asked why?—‘If any one pluck out your eyes,’ I replied, ‘there is no saying why you feel pain—it is feeling. It is because I am one with Christ that I am thus dreadfully wounded.’ On his again apologizing, I told him, ‘that I rejoiced

at what had happened, inasmuch as it made me feel nearer the Lord than ever. It is when the head or heart is struck, that every member feels its membership.' This conversation took place while we were translating."

The following extract presents a fearful picture of the moral character of the Persians:

"*February 2d.* From what I suffer in this city, I can understand the feelings of Lot. The face of the poor Russian appears to me like the face of an angel, because he does not tell lies. Heaven will be heaven, because there will not be one liar there. The word of God is more precious to me at this time than I ever remember it to have been; and of all the promises in it, none is more sweet to me than this—'He shall reign till he hath put all enemies under his feet.'"

It is not easy to say, whether the feelings of the man, or the attainments of the Christian appear most interesting, or most enviable in what follows:

"*3d.* A packet arrived from India, without a single letter for me. It was some disappointment to me; but let me be satisfied with my God, and if I cannot have the comfort of hearing of my friends, let me return

with thankfulness to his word; that is a treasure of which none envy me the possession, and where I can find what will more than compensate for the loss of earthly enjoyments. Resignation to the will of God is a lesson which I must learn, and which I trust he is teaching me.”

The character of Seid Ali gains upon us as we go along. What a sweet trait of the faithfulness of the master, and the docility of the pupil, do these words exhibit:

“Walking afterwards with Mirza Seid Ali, he told me how much one of my remarks had affected him, viz. that he had no humility. He had been talking about simplicity and humility as characteristic of the Soofies. ‘Humility!’ I said to him, ‘if you were humble, you would not dispute in this manner; you would be like a child.’ He did not open his mouth afterwards, but to say, ‘True; I have no humility.’ In evident distress, he observed, ‘The truth is, we are in a state of compound ignorance—ignorant, yet ignorant of our ignorance.’”

The reflections of Mr. Martyn on the 18th February, his birth-day, and on the 24th, the day on which he concluded his translation of

the New Testament, depict the feelings of a mind sweetly pensive—of a heart full of gratitude—and a spirit of exalted piety:

“This is my birth-day, on which I completed my thirty-first year. The Persian New Testament has been begun, and I may say, finished in it, as only the last eight chapters of the Revelations remain. Such a painful year I never passed, owing to the privations I have been called to on the one hand, and the spectacle before me of human depravity on the other. But I hope that I have not come to this seat of Satan in vain. The Word of God has found its way into Persia, and it is not in Satan’s power to oppose its progress, if the Lord have sent it.”

On the 24th of February the persian Testament was completed. “I have many mercies,” says Mr. Martyn, “in bringing it to a termination, for which to thank the Lord, and this is not the least. Now may that Spirit who gave the word, and called me, I trust, to be an interpreter of it, graciously and powerfully apply it to the hearts of sinners, even to the gathering an elect people from the long estranged Persians!”

In the middle of the month of March,



he concluded his Persian version of the Psalms; "a sweet employment," he says, "which caused six weary moons that waxed and waned, from the time of its commencement, to pass unnoticed." On the 23d of the same month he waited on the Vizier, and afterwards on the secretary of the Kermanshah Prince. In the court where the secretary received him, his old and respectable antagonist Mirza Ibraheem, was lecturing. It was on this occasion, that Mr. Martyn, in the presence of the master and his disciples, the room being lined with Moollahs, had the honour to make a most intrepid and fearless, and, doubtless—for we hope it will never be forgotten—memorable confession of the divinity of his gracious Lord, announcing to the astonishment of the Moollahs, the precious truth, that Christ is the Creator—a confession never before heard among Mahometan doctors!

With the three following extracts, we conclude our quotations from the journal, while at Shiraz.

In reading that of the 1st of May, we felt as if we also sat on a bed of roses, and anticipated something of the joy that prophets

and apostles shall experience in Heaven, when "both he that soweth, and he that reapeth, shall rejoice together;" and were made happy in the "gladness" of the Missionary, because of the glory of the Master whom he served:

"Mirza Seid Ali never now argues against the truth, nor makes any remarks but of a serious kind. He speaks of his dislike to some of the Soofies, on account of their falsehood and drunken habits. This approach to the love of morality is the best sign of a change for the better I have yet seen in him. As often as he produces the New Testament, which he always does when any of his friends come, his brother and cousin ridicule him; but he tells them, that, supposing no other benefit to have been derived, it is certainly something better to have gained all this information about the religion of Christians, than to have loitered away the year in the garden."

*May 1st to 10th.* Passed some days at Jaffier Ali Khan's garden, with Mirza Seid Ali, Aga Baba, Shekh Abulhasan, reading, at their request, the Old Testament histories. Their attention to the word, and their love

and respect to me, seemed to increase as the time of my departure approached.

“Aga Baba, who had been reading Matthew, related, very circumstantially, to the company, the particulars of the death of Christ. The bed of roses, on which we sat, and the notes of the nightingales warbling around us, were not so sweet to me as this discourse from the Persian.

“One day telling Mirza Seid Ali, that I wished to return to the city in the evening, to be alone, and at leisure for prayer, he said with emphasis, ‘though a man had no other religious society, with the aid of the Bible, he may, I suppose, live alone with God?’ It will be his own state soon—may he find it the medium of God’s gracious communication to his soul! He asked in what way God ought to be addressed? I told him as a Father, with respectful love, and added some other exhortations on the subject of prayer.

“11th. Aga Baba came to bid me farewell, and he did it in the best and most solemn way, by asking, as a final question, ‘whether, independently of external evidences, I had any internal proofs of the doctrine of Christ?’—I answered, ‘Yes, un-

doubtedly: the change from what I once was, is a sufficient evidence to me.' At last he took his leave in great sorrow, and what is better, apparently in great solicitude about his soul.

"The rest of the day I continued with Mirza Seid Ali, giving him in charge what to do with the New Testament, in case of my decease, and exhorting him, as far as his confessions allowed me, to stand fast. He has made many a good resolution respecting his besetting sins. I hope, as well as pray, that some lasting effects will be seen at Shiraz, from the word of God left among them."

On the evening of the 24th of May, one year after his arrival at Shiraz, Mr. Martyn left that city, in company with an English clergyman, for the purpose of presenting his Persian New Testament to the king. Before, however, he could be admitted to the royal presence, it was necessary that he should have letters from the English ambassador; and, to procure these, he determined to proceed to Tebriz, where his excellency, Sir Gore Ouseley, at that time resided.

Through the whole of this journey, the

latter part of which occasioned Mr. Martyn great and severe sufferings, we shall not be able to follow him. One or two extracts, however, shall be given from his journal as we go along. After spending a week at Isfahan, he proceeded to the King's camp; and two or three sentences here, descriptive of Persian scenery, we cannot pass without quoting:

“*June 1st.* Continued winding through the mountains to Caroo, situated in a deep dell. Here were trees, green corn fields, and running streams; the first place in Asia I have seen exhibiting any thing of the scenery of England.

“*2d.* Soon after midnight mounted our horses. It was a mild, moonlight night, and a nightingale filled the whole valley with his notes. Our way was along lanes, over which the wood on each side formed a canopy, and a murmuring rivulet accompanied us, till it was lost in a lake. At day-light we emerged into the plain of Cashan, which seems to be a part of the Great Salt Desert.

“*3th.* Arrived, two hours before day-break, at the walls of Tehran. I spread my bed upon the high road, and slept till the

gates were open; then entered the city, and took up my abode at the ambassador's house."

As no muleteers could be procured at Tehran, to carry Mr. Martyn forward to Tebriz, it was thought advisable that he should proceed alone to the King's camp, for the purpose of seeing the King's minister of state, and through him, obtaining the means of presenting his book to his Majesty. When Mr. Martyn arrived at the camp, he immediately forwarded his letters of introduction to Mirza Shufi the prime minister. He desired Mr. Martyn to come and wait upon him, which he did. "I found him," says he, "lying ill in the verandah of the King's tent of audience. Near him were sitting two persons, who, I was afterwards informed, were Mirza Khanter, and the other Mirza Abdoolwahab, a secretary of state, and a great admirer of the Soofi sage. They took very little notice, not rising when I sat down, as is their custom to all who sit with them, nor offering me calean, (the Persian pipe.) The two secretaries, on learning my object in coming, began a conversation with me on religion and metaphysics, which lasted two

hours. As they were both well educated, gentlemanly men, the discussion was temperate, and I hope useful.”

Three days after this visit, Mr. Martyn was again called upon to act the part of a Christian confessor; and we have no language in which we can express our admiration of his conduct on this occasion. It is quite without a parallel, in our remembrance at this moment, in real history; and in fictitious, we can only recollect that of Abdiel in Milton:

“12th. I attended the Vizier’s levee, when there was a most intemperate and clamorous controversy kept up for an hour or two; eight or ten on one side, and I on the other. Amongst them were two Moollahs, the most ignorant of any I have yet met with in Persia or India. It would be impossible to enumerate all the absurd things they said. Their vulgarity, in interrupting me in the middle of a speech; their utter ignorance of the nature of argument; their impudent assertions about the law and the Gospel, neither of which they had ever seen in their lives, moved my indignation a little. I wished, and I said that it would have been well,

if Mirza Abdoolwahab had been there; I should have had a man of sense to argue with. The Vizier, who set us going at first, joined in it latterly, and said, 'You had better say, 'God is God, and Mahomet is the Prophet of God.' I said, 'God is God,' but added, instead of 'Mahomet is the Prophet God,' 'and Jesus is the Son of God.' They had no sooner heard this, which I had avoided mentioning till then, than they all exclaimed, in contempt and anger, 'He is neither born nor begets,' and rose up, as if they would have torn me in pieces. One of them said, 'what will you say when your tongue is burnt out for this blasphemy?'

"One of them felt for me a little, and tried to soften the severity of this speech. My book, which I had brought, expecting to present it to the king, lay before Mirza Shufi. As they all rose up, after him, to go, some to the king, and some away, I was afraid they would trample upon the book, so I went in among them to take it up, and wrapped it in a towel before them; while they looked at it and me with supreme contempt.

"Thus I walked away alone to my tent, to pass the rest of the day in heat and dirt.



What have I done, thought I, to merit all this scorn? Nothing, I trust, but bearing testimony to Jesus. I thought over these things in prayer, and my troubled heart found that peace which Christ hath promised to his disciples:

“If on my face, for thy dear name,” &c.

“To complete the trials of the day, a message came from the Vizier, in the evening, to say, that it was the custom of the king not to see any Englishman, unless presented by the ambassador, or accredited by a letter from him; and that I must wait, therefore, till the king reached Sultania, where the ambassador would be.”

Disappointed in his object here, Mr. Martyn and his companion recommenced their journey. On the 24th, they reached Sultania, at which, it would appear, the British ambassador had not arrived, as the travellers would have pursued their journey next day, but both were too ill to be able to go on. The day following they were still equally unwell, and Mr. Martyn's spirits seem to have been much depressed. “To live much longer,” he says, “in this world of sickness and pain,

seemed no ways desirable; the most favourite prospects of my heart seemed very poor and childish; and cheerfully would I have exchanged them for the unfading inheritance!"—The following passages in the journal are all so interesting, that it would seem like a want of sympathy to curtail them:

"27th. My Armenian servant was attacked in the same way. The rest did not get me the things that I wanted, so that I passed the third day in the same exhausted state; my head too, tortured with shocking pains, such as, together with the horror I felt at being exposed to the sun, showed me plainly to what to ascribe my sickness. Towards evening, two more of our servants were attacked in the same way, and lay groaning from pains in the head.

"28th. All were much recovered, but in the afternoon I again relapsed. During a high fever, Mr. \* \* \* read to me, in bed, the Epistle to the Ephesians, and I never felt the consolations of that divine revelation of mysteries more sensibly and solemnly. Rain in the night prevented our setting off.

"29th. My ague and fever returned, with

such a head-ache, that I was almost frantic. Again and again I said to myself, let patience have its perfect work, and kept pleading the promises, 'When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee,' &c.; and the Lord did not withhold his presence. I endeavoured to repel all the disordered thoughts that the fever occasioned, and to keep in mind that all was friendly: a friendly Lord presiding, and nothing exercising me but what would show itself at last friendly. A violent perspiration at last relieved the acute pain in my head, and my heart rejoiced; but as soon as that was over, the exhaustion which it occasioned, added to the fatigue from the pain, left me in as low a state of depression as ever I was in. I seemed about to sink into a long fainting fit, and I almost wished it; but at this moment, a little after midnight, I was summoned to mount my horse, and I set out, rather dead than alive."

Through the rest of this most distressing journey, it is delightful to remark, that even in the most painful circumstances, when the present was made more bitter by the remembrance of the past; when scenes of suffering

in Persia were contrasted with the recollection of scenes of joy in India, and in England, yet still this most devoted servant of the best of Masters, was never utterly without consolation; indeed, that his experience sometimes rose far above mere comfort, the following passage testifies:

“In consequence of want of sleep, want of refreshment, and exposure to the sun, I was presently in a high fever, which raged so furiously all the day, that I was nearly delirious, and it was a long time before I could get the right recollection of myself. I almost despaired, and do now, of getting alive through this unfortunate journey. Last night I felt remarkably well, calm, and composed, and sat reflecting on my heavenly rest, with more sweetness of soul, abstraction from the world, and solemn views of God, than I have had a long time. O! for such sacred hours! This short and painful life would scarcely be felt, could I but live thus at Heaven’s gate. It being impossible to continue my journey in my present state, one of the servants also being so ill that he could not move with safety, we determined to halt at the village

one day, and sent on a messenger to Sir Gore, at Tebriz, informing him of our approach."

About one o'clock of the morning of the 5th of July, Mr. Martyn recommenced his journey; but he became again exceedingly ill with a headache and fever: they got into a wretched hovel, where the fever almost deprived him of reason. To add to their distresses, as night came on, they missed their way, and having to wait for the return of light, they lay down on the ground, by which means Mr. Martyn caught such a cold as, with all his other exposures, consummated his disorders. In this state he arrived at Wasmuch, from whence an hour before break of day he set out in hopes of reaching Tebriz before sunrise. "Some of the people," he said, "seemed to feel compassion for me, and asked me if I was not very ill. At last I reached the gate, and feebly asked for a man to show me the way to the ambassador's."

At Tebriz, Mr. Martyn continued confined for nearly two months, by a fever which raged with unremitting severity: his feelings, while under it, with his plans on his

recovery, are mentioned in the following letter addressed to a very dear friend in Cornwall:

“It has pleased God to restore me to life and health again: not that I have recovered my former strength yet, but consider myself sufficiently restored to prosecute my journey. My daily prayer is, that my late chastisement may have its intended effect, and make me, all the rest of my days, more humble and less self-confident. Self-confidence has often let me down fearful lengths, and would, without God’s gracious interference, prove my endless perdition. I seem to be made to feel this evil of my heart, more than any other, at this time. In prayer, or when I write or converse on the subject, Christ appears to me my life and strength; but, at other times, I am thoughtless and bold, as if I had all life and strength in myself. Such neglects, on our part, are a diminution of our joys; but the covenant! the covenant stands fast with Him for his people evermore.

“In three days, I intend setting my horse’s head towards Constantinople, distant about one thousand three hundred miles. Nothing,

I think, will occasion any further detention here, if I can procure servants who know both Persian and Turkish. Ignorant as I am of Turkish, should I be taken ill on the road, my case would be pitiable indeed. The ambassador and his suite are still here; his and Lady Ouseley's attentions to me, during my illness, have been unremitted. The Prince Abbas Mirza, the wisest of the king's sons, and heir to the throne, was here some time after my arrival. I much wished to present a copy of the Persian New Testament to him, but I could not rise from my bed. The book, however, will be given to him by the ambassador. Public curiosity about the gospel, now for the first time, in the memory of the modern Persians, introduced into the country, is a good deal excited here and at Shiraz, and at other places; so that, upon the whole, I am thankful at having been led hither and detained, though my residence in this country has been attended with many unpleasant circumstances. The way of the kings of the east is *preparing*: thus much may be said with safety, but little more. The Persians also will probably take the lead in the march to Sion."

Mr. Martyn not only experienced the greatest care and kindness from Sir Gore and Lady Ouseley, but the former also presented Mr. Martyn's book to the king, and the MS. was afterwards printed at St. Petersburg under the superintendence of his excellency. Mr. Martyn no sooner recovered from his illness than he commenced his journey homewards—a journey of thirteen hundred miles! The miseries he endured in his short part of it, “were intense—but it ended in his entrance into Heaven!”

A few extracts from his journal, previous to his arrival at Ech-Miazin, where there is an establishment of Armenians, and where Mr. Martyn remained some days, shall now be given; and then a few more after his departure from the agreeable society of the patriarch and monks.

The relation of his feelings on the re-enjoyment of health, is delightful. “The baggage having been sent on before, I ambled on with my Mihmander, looking all around me, and especially towards the distant hills, with gratitude and joy. Oh! it is necessary to have been confined to a bed of sickness, to know the delight of moving freely through



the works of God, with the senses left at liberty to enjoy their proper objects. My attendant not being very conversant with Persian, we rode silently along; for my part I could not have enjoyed any companion so much as I did my own feelings." Afterwards lodging all day in a stable, and feeling quite unwell and dispirited, he proceeded on his route at night. "The horses being changed here, it was some time before they were brought, but by exerting myself, we moved off by midnight. It was a most mild and delightful night, and the pure air, after the smell of the stable, was reviving. For once, also, I travelled all the way without being sleepy, and beguiled the hours of the night by thinking of the 14th Psalm, especially the connexion of the last three verses with the preceding."

His meditations on the succeeding evening are equally sweet and sacred; so are his reflections on viewing Mount Ararat. "All the afternoon I slept, and at sunset rose, and continued wakeful till midnight, when I roused my people, and with fresh horses set out again. We travelled till sunrise. I scarcely perceived we had been moving, a

Hebrew word in the 16th Psalm having led me gradually to speculations on the eighth conjugation of the Arabic verb.

“I should have mentioned, that, on descending into the plain of Nackshan, my attention was seized by the appearance of a hoary mountain, in front, at the other end, rising so high above the rest, that they sunk into nothing. It was truly sublime, and the interest it excited was not less when, on inquiring its name, I was told it was Agri, or Ararat. Thus I saw two remarkable objects in one day—the Araxes, and Ararat. At four in the afternoon we set out for Shurror. The evening was pleasant; the ground over which we passed was all full of rich cultivation and verdure, watered by many a stream, and containing forty villages, most of them with the usual appendage of gardens. To add to the scene, the great Ararat was on our left. On the peak of that hill the whole church was contained: it has now spread far and wide, to the ends of the earth, but the ancient vicinity of it knows it no more. I fancied many a spot where Noah, perhaps, offered his sacrifices; and the promise of God ‘that seed-time and harvest should not

cease,' appeared to me more exactly fulfilled in the agreeable plain where it was spoken than elsewhere, as I had not seen such fertility in any part of the Shah's dominions. Here the blessed saint landed in a new world: so may I, safe in Christ, outride the storms of life, and land at last on one of the everlasting hills!"

One more extract on the subject of his midnight meditations:

"As I had been thinking all night of a Hebrew letter, I perceived little of the tediousness of the way. I tried also some difficulties in the 16th Psalm, without being able to master them. All day at the 15th and 16th Psalms, and gained some light into the difficulties. The villagers not bringing the horses in time, we were not able to go on at night, but I was not much concerned, as I thereby gained some rest."

On the 12th, Mr. Martyn arrived at Ech-Miazin, and left it again on the 17th September. The following extracts from his journal show that he proceeded with buoyant spirits, and are descriptive, at once, of the state of his mind, of the state of the inhabitants, of the country, and of its scenery:

“18th. Rose with the dawn, in hopes of going this stage before breakfast, but the horses were not ready. I set off at eight, fearing no sun, though I found it at times, very oppressive when there was no wind. At the end of three hours, we left the plain of Ararat, the last of the plains of modern Persia in this quarter. Meeting here with the Araxes again, I undressed, and plunged into the stream; while hastening forward, with the trusty Melcom, to rejoin my party, we were overtaken by a spearman, with a lance of formidable length. I did not think it likely that one man would venture to attack two, both armed; but the spot was a noted one for robbers, and very well calculated, by its solitariness, for deeds of privacy: however, he was friendly enough. He had, however, nearly done me a mischief. On the bank of the river we sprung a covey of partridges: instantly he laid his long lance under him across the horse’s back, and fired a horse pistol at them. His horse started at the report, came upon mine, with the point of the spear directly towards me, so that I thought a wound for myself or horse was inevitable; but the spear passed under my horse. We

were to have gone to Hagi-Buhirem, but finding the head man of it at a village a few furlongs nearer, we stopped there. We found him in a shed outside the walls, reading his Koran, with his sword, gun, and pistol at his side. He was a good-natured farmer-like man, and spoke in Persian. He chanted the Arabic with great readiness, and asked me, whether I knew what that book was? 'Nothing less than the great Koran.'"

The first mention that is made of Mr. Martyn's Tartar guard is under date the 22d September, and is highly characteristic of the cruelty and insolence by which the conduct of Hasan Aga was afterwards marked.

"22d—*Cars*. Promises were made that every thing should be ready at sunrise, but it was half past nine before we started, and no guard present but the Tartar. He presently began to show his nature, by flogging the baggage-horse with his long whip as one who was not disposed to allow loitering; but one of the poor beasts presently fell with his load at full length, over a piece of timber lying in the road. While this was setting to rights, the people gathered about me, and seemed more engaged with my Russian

boots than with any other part of my dress. We moved south-west, and after five hours and a half reached Joula. The Tartar rode, and got the coffee-room, at the post-house ready. This coffee-room has one side raised and covered with cushions, and on the opposite side cushions on the ground; the rest of the room was left with bare stones and timbers. As the wind blew very cold yesterday, and I caught cold, the Tartar ordered a great fire to be made. In this room I should have been very much to my satisfaction, had not the Tartar taken part of the same bench; and many other people made use of it as a public room. They were continually consulting my watch, to know how near the hour of eating approached. It was evident that the Tartar was the great man here: the best place he took for himself; a dinner of four or five dishes was laid before him. When I asked for eggs, they brought me rotten ones; for butter, they brought me ghee. The idle people of the village came all night, and smoked till morning. It was very cold, there being a hoar frost."

On the 29th, Mr. Martyn appears to have had the first return of his fever and ague.

The rest of his melancholy history is too affecting to be curtailed; but dark as the picture is, and deep as were his sufferings, it has its lights, and he had his comforts; for as his amiable biographer observes, “doubtless, the Saviour was with his servant in the last conflict, and he with him the moment it terminated.”

“29th. Left Erzerum, with a Tartar and his son, at two in the afternoon. We moved to a village, where I was attacked with fever and ague: the Tartar’s son was also taken ill, and obliged to return.

“30th. Travelled first to Ashgula, where we changed horses, and from thence to Purnugaban, where we halted for the night. I took nothing all day but tea, and was rather better, but headache and loss of appetite depressed my spirits; *yet my soul rests in him who is an anchor of the soul, sure and steadfast, which, though not seen, keeps me fast.*

“Oct. 1st. Marched over a mountainous tract: we were out from seven in the morning till eight at night. After sitting a little by the fire, I was near fainting from sickness. My depression of spirits led me to the throne of grace, as a sinful abject worm.

When I thought of myself and my transgressions, I could find no text so cheering as, 'My ways are not as your ways.' By the men who accompanied Sir William Ouseley to Constantinople, I learned that the plague was raging at Constantinople, and thousands dying every day. One of the Persians had died of it. They added, that the inhabitants of Tocat were flying from their town from the same cause. Thus I am passing inevitably into imminent danger. O Lord, thy will be done! Living or dying, remember me!

"*2d.* Some hours before day, sent to tell the Tartar I was ready; but Hasan Aga was for once rivetted to his bed. However, at eight, having got strong horses, he set off at a great rate, and over the level ground he made us gallop as fast as the horses would go, to Chiflick, where we arrived at sunset. I was lodged, at my request, in the stable of the post-house, not liking the scrutinizing impudence of the fellows who frequent the coffee-room. As soon as it began to grow a little cold, the ague came on and then the fever; after which I had a sleep, that let me know too plainly the disorder of my frame. In the night, Hasan sent to summon me



away, but I was quite unable to move. Finding me still in bed at the dawn, he began to storm furiously at my detaining him so long; but I quietly let him spend his ire, ate my breakfast composedly, and set out at eight. He seemed determined to make up for the delay, for we flew over hill and vale to Sherean, where we changed horses. From thence we travelled all the rest of the day and all night; it rained most of the time. Soon after sunset the ague came on again, which, in my wet state, was very trying; I hardly knew how to keep my life in me. About that time there was a village at hand, but Hasan had no mercy. At one in the morning, we found two men under a wain, with a good fire; they could not keep the rain out, but their fire was acceptable. I dried my lower extremities, allayed the fever by drinking a good deal of water, and went on. We had little rain, but the night was pitchy dark, so that I could not see where the road was under my horse's feet. However, God being mercifully pleased to alleviate my bodily sufferings, I went on contentedly to the munzil, where we arrived at break of day. After sleeping three or

four hours, I was visited by an Armenian merchant, for whom I had a letter. Hasan was in great fear of being arrested here: the governor of the city had vowed to make an example of him, for riding to death a horse belonging to a man of this place. He begged that I would shelter him, in case of danger; his being claimed by an Englishman, he said, would be a sufficient security. I found, however, that I had no occasion to interfere. He hurried me away from this place without delay, and galloped furiously towards a village, which, he said, was four hours distance, which was all I could undertake in my present weak state; but village after village did he pass, till night coming on, and no signs of another, I suspected that he was carrying me on to the munzil; so I got off my horse, and sat upon the ground, and told him, I neither could nor would go any further. He stormed, but I was immoveable, till a light appearing at a distance, I mounted my horse, and made towards it, leaving him to follow or not, as he pleased. He brought in the party, but would not exert himself to get a place for me. They brought me to an open verandah, but Sergius told them I wanted a

place in which to be alone. This seemed very offensive to them; ‘And why must he be alone?’ they asked; ascribing this desire of mine to pride, I suppose. Tempted at last, by money, they brought me to a stable-room, and Hasan and a number of others planted themselves there with me. My fever here increased to a violent degree; the heat in my eyes and forehead was so great, that the fire almost made me frantic. I intreated that it might be put out, or that I might be carried out of doors. Neither was attended to; my servant, who, from my sitting in that strange way on the ground, believed me delirious, was deaf to all I said. At last I pushed my head in among the luggage, and lodged it on the damp ground, and slept.

“*5th.*—Preserving mercy made me see the light of another morning. The sleep had refreshed me, but I was feeble and shaken; yet the merciless Hasan hurried me off. The munzil, however, being not distant, I reached it without much difficulty. I expected to have found it another strong fort at the end of the pass, but it is a poor little village, within the jaws of the mountains. I was pretty well lodged, and tolerably well till a little after

sunset, when the ague came on with a violence I never before experienced. I felt as if in a palsy, my teeth chattering, and my whole frame violently shaken. Aga Hosyn and another Persian, on their way here from Constantinople, going to Abbas Mirza, whom I had just before been visiting, came hastily to render me assistance if they could. These Persians appear quite brotherly, after the Turks. While they pitied, Hasan sat with perfect indifference ruminating on the further delay this was likely to occasion. The cold fit, after continuing two or three hours, was followed by a fever, which lasted the whole night, and prevented sleep.

“*6th.*—No horses being to be had, I had an unexpected repose. I sat in the orchard, and thought, with sweet comfort and peace, of my God; in solitude, my company, my friend, and comforter. O! when shall time give place to eternity! When shall appear that new Heaven and new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness! There—‘there shall in no wise enter in any thing that defileth:’ none of that wickedness that has made men worse than wild beasts—none of those corruptions that add still more to the miseries

of mortality, shall be seen or heard of any more.”

Who that reads this sweet passage, the last words, to us, at least, of Henry Martyn—who that reads them does not give thanks to God, that, in the midst of all this bodily wretchedness, and in the absence of every thing that was kind and sympathizing, Mr. Martyn was thus enabled to comfort himself in the Lord! Scarcely had he borne this testimony to the faithfulness of his covenant-God, to his tenderness and gracious presence with him, and sighed after that heavenly Jerusalem, wherein shall be no sin, nor sorrow, nor crying, nor any more pain, than he was called to “enter in through the gates into the city!”—At Tocat, either falling a sacrifice to the plague, which he had been apprised was raging there, and in the view of encountering which, he had said, “Lord! living or dying, remember me!”—or else sinking under the disorder which had already so much reduced him, Henry Martyn, on the 16th of October, 1812, surrendered his soul into the hands of his Redeemer! Alone, uncherished, and unsoothed by Christian sympathy, or human fellowship, he died; but

He who, in solitude, had been his company, his friend, his comforter, surely in death would be his All in All. Or, again to repeat the affecting words of one, who would tenderly have received his parting breath, and closed his dying eyes—"his Saviour assuredly was with his servant in his last conflict, and he with Him the instant it terminated!"

When the account of this event reached India and England, it carried a sad pang to many an affectionate heart. The friends of Mr. Martyn write on this occasion, as might be expected, with the tenderest regret for his death, and mourn his loss with bitterness:—while of his character they speak with that enthusiasm of friendship which such a being was fitted to inspire. "*He was in our hearts,*" says one of his friends in India, the Rev. Mr. Thomason, "we honoured him—we loved him—we thanked God for him—we prayed for his longer continuance amongst us—we rejoiced in the good he was doing:—we are sadly bereaved! Where such fervent piety, and extensive knowledge, and vigorous understanding, and classical taste, and unwearied application, were all united, what might not have been expected? I cannot

dwell upon the subject without feeling very sad. I stand upon the walls of Jerusalem, and see the lamentable breach that has been made in them—but it is the Lord—he gave, and he hath taken away.”

Another, speaking of his talents, says—“Mr. Martyn combined in himself certain valuable, but distinct qualities, seldom found together in the same individual. The easy triumphs of a rapid genius over first difficulties never left him satisfied with present attainments. His mind, which naturally ranged over a wide field of human knowledge, lost nothing of depth in its expansiveness. He was one of those few persons whose reasoning faculty does not suffer from their imagination, nor their imagination from their reasoning faculty; both, in him, were fully exercised, and of a very high order. His mathematical acquisitions clearly left him without a rival of his own age; and yet, to have known only the employments of his more free and unfettered moments, would have led to the conclusion that the classics and poetry were his predominant passion.”

But the sweetest eulogium is that made by his biographer, who says truly, that bril-

liant as Mr. Martyn's talents were, their lustre was dim in comparison of the fuller splendour of those Christian graces in which he "shone as a light in the world." In his faith there was a childlike simplicity, which led to constant and implicit obedience; in his love a fervour and a permanency common to no human affection, and which was not only divine in its origin, and object, but so high, that, even amid the

"Hierarchs of heav'n," and its "Celestial Ardors,"

we might conceive that such a spirit would hold no lowly place. As of all the affections of his soul, his love to his Redeemer was supreme, so, of all the graces of his spirit, his humility was pre-eminent; it was indeed "the warp of which the entire texture of his piety was composed;" while, in gentleness and lowliness of heart and mind, and in the delivery of his Master's message, he was one of those little ones, of whom Christ hath said, "He that receiveth you, receiveth me."

But let us not forget that, rich as were the possessions of Mr. Martyn, all these gifts were the gifts of God. To Him therefore be all the glory. Let us remember also,



that, precious as were his graces, they were attained, strengthened, perfected, by the diligent use of specific means—by the perusal of the word of God, and prayer—by fervent supplication, with thanksgiving. Think of these things, my dear young readers, and be instant in prayer. Be serious—be deeply serious. When you come to fall down on your knees this night, be intensely in earnest. Remember it was on his knees that Henry Martyn attained to that simplicity of faith—ardour of love and zeal—lowliness of heart—brokenness of spirit, which enabled him to do “greater things” than others for his Lord, yea, and for the human race! Think on these things, meditate on these. “Meditation before prayer is like the tuning of a harp or lute before playing;” it afterwards makes sweet music.

The memory of Mr. Martyn is still dear in Persia. A late traveller says: “You little think how generally the English Moollah Martyn of Shiraz, is known throughout Persia, and with what affection his memory is cherished.” The secretary to the embassy writes: “The Persians, who were struck with Martyn’s humility, patience, and resig-

nation, called him a “*merdi Khodai*, or man of God;” and another relates, that the Moolah who disputed with him, now says, “that Henry Martyn ought not to be named among mortals!”

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Since the first edition of this little volume was published, the religious world has been favoured with a volume of sermons from the pen of the interesting subject of our memoir. From these, we are happy to have it in our power to indulge our young readers with a few extracts.

The following passage is from a sermon entitled, “*The True Christian*,” preached from 1 Cor. i. 1—3, and while it is descriptive of the manner of the agency of the Holy Spirit, in the sanctification of the believer, seems to contain in it a transcript of the experience of the holy man who penned it.

“The immediate agent employed in this blessed work is the Holy Ghost—*Elect according to the foreknowledge of God the Father, through sanctification of the Spirit, unto obedience.* (1 Pet. i. 2.) Yet are his

influences derived from such sources and regulated by such a standard, that we must still be said to be *sanctified in Christ Jesus*: for as the Holy Spirit is given to us primarily only for the worthiness of Christ, so on his account the sacred gift is continued to us; for while we do so much to grieve the Holy Spirit of God, why does the divine influence still descend to us in a never-ceasing stream, but because the intercession of Christ is the source that supplies it? The manner also of the agency of the Holy Spirit in our sanctification is, to lead us continually to Christ—to bring his words to our remembrance—to exhibit the pattern of his life—to teach us to renounce all confidence in our own wisdom, and depend altogether on his grace—to recall to our minds our obligations to live unto him who died for us; our baptismal engagements to die with him, and to rise with him to newness of life; to have the world crucified to us, and ourselves to the world, by virtue of his cross; and, in fine, as we have received Christ Jesus the Lord, so to walk in him.

“This completes the apostle’s description of the Christian character; and what need

be added to show his excellency and dignity? His name engraved in the Book of Life—his interests united inseparably with those of the Son of God—and his bosom the abode of that august inhabitant the Holy Ghost—the Man of God stands at an immeasurable distance from whatever is admirable on earth. If an individual possesses such excellency, how admirable the society composed of such members! God rejoices over them with joy, and joys over them with singing.”

What follows is no less instructive, than it is probably expressive of the manner in which Mr. Martyn himself announced the glad tidings of redemption, through Christ crucified, to ‘saint, sage, and savage,’ in his own day.

“In all after ages, even to the present moment, the men who are chosen of God to be his witnesses on earth, treading in the steps of the apostles of old, have persisted in proclaiming the glories of the Lord. They take their place at a distance, as being servants, from a wish to remain unnoticed, that the single undivided attention of mankind may be fixed on the Master whom they

serve. They preach not themselves, but Christ Jesus the Lord. They are equally cautious about leading their hearers into error, by confounding the grace of God and the law of works, or by setting forth such principles of morality as the Heathen sages might have taught; and give themselves up to the study of those divine mysteries which are known only by revelation, that from them they may learn how to build up your souls on that foundation, which will stand the test of the judgment day.

“Moreover, when they preach Christ crucified, as they find it revealed, they are not concerned about making the doctrine appear more reasonable, so as to approve it to the learned, nor to state it so as to leave no room for objections; but as the Scriptures have left it, so they take it up. They do not gild over the cross, or invest it with gaudy trappings, or allure men to it by deceitful panegyrics; but they take their stand at the foot of the blood-stained tree, and proclaim, in those words which were written on the cross—*Jesus of Nazareth, the King of the Jews!* Thus the apostles preached.”

The freeness of the offer of salvation, and

the all-sufficiency of our blessed Lord, is finely marked out in the following sentence:

“We proclaim him also the ALL-SUFFICIENT Saviour. In his offers of salvation, we declare that he requires no previous qualification; but, equally regardless of the antecedent morality or immorality of the subjects, he commands them to receive and not to purchase—offers salvation freely to those who see themselves perishing, and promises to give all the holiness of heart which is necessary to fit them for heaven; and, then, that he is able to save to the utmost—fully qualified to begin, carry on, and complete the happiness and holiness of every believer.”

Mr. Martyn's own feelings, and the consciousness of the freedom with which he exercised his own fine energies, are sweetly depicted in a passage from the twelfth sermon.

“Religion, therefore, cramps none of the mental energies: on the contrary, the ease and celerity with which the renewed soul acts in the ways of God, evidence the machine to be returning to order. Indeed, what reason can possibly be assigned, why even

the lively cheer of youth should not find exercise in activity for a Creator, and love toward a dying Saviour?—why a pure and peaceful mind should not be as pleasurable as a vain defiled heart?—a growing meekness for heaven, as productive of satisfaction as rising into consequence and wealth?—and the favour of God, as gratifying as the smiles of a deceitful world?”

But while he thus speaks of the peace and joy infused into the mind under the influence of religious principle; he, on the other hand, reminds us of the self-denying exercises incumbent on every Christian. We find, while preaching on the text, Acts xxiv. 25, “*Felix trembled,*” he has the following observations:

“The opposition of our nature to the will of God, is the foundation of the duty of self-denial. We are born in sin—we delight in sin: we must be torn from sin, or we shall never leave it. The leading agent in the work of self-denial is the spirit of God; and the man in whom he works will be temperate in all things—he will restrain his passion and his pride.

“To be meek and lowly as the Lord—to be poor and patient in spirit—to forgive injuries—to abhor himself for his iniquities, is the duty of the highest as well as the lowest of men; a duty incumbent upon the soldier as well as others: and public opinion or practice cannot alter God’s word.

“All love of human praise, or vain glorious self-complacency, in the possession of honours, or the distinctions of talents or opulence, birth, or beauty, or any other quality natural or acquired, must be mortified and crushed, as utterly irreconcilable with that self-abhorrence which lies so deep in the nature of repentance and humility.”

We conclude our quotations from this valuable volume, with an animated and characteristic passage from the sermon entitled, *The Christian Walk*—Col. ii. 6. “As ye have therefore received Christ Jesus the Lord, so walk ye in him.” And we would add but one request to our young readers while placing it before them—that they would earnestly pray to God that they may be enabled to walk as the amiable subject of this memoir walked, in his short day of life, and



that in all things they may be followers of him, so far as he was the follower of Christ Jesus the Lord.

“ Therefore be contented to part with every thing, that you may find him the complete Saviour; and be prepared to receive, along with him, contempt, persecution, and sorrow. Let the world go: give it up in every form that it assumes—whether *the lust of the flesh*, or *the lust of the eyes*, or *the pride of life*—forsake its vanities, its covetousness, its vain and ungodly company: do any thing, and lose every thing if necessary, if you may but receive the Lord Jesus Christ.

“ Let us, who trust that we HAVE RECEIVED HIM, AND ARE WALKING IN HIM, be reminded, by what we have heard, of the necessity of making this more a point of duty; or rather to make all duties a part of this, and to take shame to ourselves that we have neglected it so much in time past; and, in future, measure our growth in grace by our knowledge of the Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. As a further encouragement, let us assure ourselves, that, if we thus keep him in view, his attention to us will be reciprocal. He that in his love and pity redeemed us, will bear us and carry us

all the way through the wilderness, as the kind shepherd carries the lambs in his bosom, and gently leads those that are with young. He will bring us all on our way, in such a manner, that we shall finally reach the fold above. There, we shall have no more need to walk in Christ by faith and love, but by love only: for they that walk IN him here, shall walk WITH him hereafter; and HE, that led them through the wilderness, will lead them to the joys in Heaven. *The Lamb, which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them to living fountains of waters. The tabernacle of God shall be with men, and he will dwell with them. God himself shall be in the midst of them, and be their God.*”

# MEMOIRS

OF THE

REV. DAVID BROWN.

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To those who have perused the brief memoirs contained in this volume, of the Rev. Dr. Buchanan, and the Rev. Henry Martyn, it cannot fail to be an object of interest to learn something also of the life of the Rev. David Brown. The man who was the friend of Martyn and Buchanan must have been a man of no common merit, and of no common piety; and he who was so tenderly attached to his friend, and so devoted to the service in which he was engaged, as to say, "If it could make you live longer, I would give up any child I have," and who never mentioned that friend without the epithet *beloved*,—"beloved Henry Martyn,"—must have been a man possessed of the deepest and most gene-

rous sensibilities. In short, his affection for Martyn, and their mutual friendship, and the esteem with which he was regarded by Buchanan, must procure for Mr. Brown a kind reception in the heart of every one, who is at all acquainted with the history of any of these three Labourers in the East.

DAVID BROWN was born in the East Riding of Yorkshire. From his youth he was of a serious turn of mind, of an amiable temper, and fond of literature. Whilst a child of about ten or eleven years of age, being on a journey, he happened to be in the company of a clergyman who was so much struck with the intelligent inquiries and observations of Brown, that he asked his parents what occupation or line of life was designed for the boy. His father answered, that, as he showed no disposition to be employed in farming, which was his own occupation, he would bind him apprentice to a tradesman, or probably to a druggist. The gentleman, who thought the boy destined for a higher profession, offered to take him under his protection, and to send him to school, with a view to fit him for college, that from thence he might enter the church.

The parents of Brown soon accepted the offer, and young David resided with his new friend at Scarborough: afterwards he was sent to a school at Hull, where he was under the care of the Rev. Joseph Milner.

A mutual attachment was here formed between the master and scholar, and Mr. Brown long after availed himself of the wisdom and experience of his friend, on many important occasions of his life. From the grammar-school at Hull, Mr Brown was removed to Magdalene College, Cambridge, where, though occasionally in very delicate health, he prosecuted the usual studies preparatory to entering into the ministry; from these studies, however, he was suddenly and most unexpectedly called off, by an offer made to him of going to India. This offer was conveyed to Mr. Brown through the medium of a common friend with whom he had been in habits of pious correspondence while at college. The invitation came from a major in the East India Company's service, who had been commissioned by his brother officers in Bengal to look out for a young man to take charge of a benevolent institution in India, for the education of the chil-

dren of deceased officers in that settlement. It was necessary that the candidate for this situation should be a married man; that his answer to the proposal should be immediate; and that his embarkation for India should take place in a few months.

When Mr. Brown received this letter, he was just recovering from a long indisposition: his mind and feelings strongly objected to the proposals it contained, and, after a rapid glance at the different circumstances of the case, he thought he might, with a safe conscience, decline the offer. He was, besides, too young to be ordained; and, without ordination, he was determined to accept of no service or situation whatever. Some of his friends however, to whom he communicated the contents of Major Mitchell's letter, differed from him in opinion. They considered it a call in Providence, which ought not to be disregarded; and, though Mr. Brown felt inclined to sit still, and enjoy the tranquillity of a college life, and the "dear delights of pious and literary friendship," yet he was induced, at the representation of those whose judgment he respected, to make a visit to London, and personally to

communicate with the writer of the letter. This gentleman undertook to carry him through all the difficulties of ordination. These difficulties were not small: for, on application to Dr. Lowth, Bishop of London, he flatly refused, saying, he would never ordain another man to go abroad; for that he had ordained several for the colonies, who afterwards remained lounging about the town. He was, however, more successful in his application to the Bishop of Landaff, who, with the approbation of the Archbishop of Canterbury, not only ordained him, but showed him a truly pastoral regard, and gave him much valuable advice. On the 2d of March, the same year, 1785, he was elected a corresponding member of the Society for promoting Christian knowledge. From the committee of that society he received a present of books, tracts, &c., and a recommendatory letter to the Court of Directors, from whom he received a considerable pecuniary advance for the expenses of the voyage. It is probable, too, that at this time Mr. Brown married his first wife: for, though no mention is made of this marriage

in his papers, the name of his wife occurs frequently in his journal.

It appears in that journal, from which we shall now make a few extracts, that Mr. Brown had been unexpectedly and unavoidably detained in England for some months, after arrangements had been made for his departure for India. The circumstances and trials arising out of this detention are of the most interesting nature—such as to a delicate mind, must have been peculiarly painful; but the patience, and faith, and hope, of this youthful servant of a gracious Master, were thereby called into exercise, strengthened, perhaps, into habit, and afford a striking evidence of the unspeakable value of the grace and comfort of the blessed gospel in every situation in life, and even among those pecuniary difficulties for which, apparently, it makes the fewest provisions. Yet even here the promise stands sure—“Bread shall be given,”—“the life is more than meat, and the body than raiment.”—“Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you.”



## EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNAL.\*

“*London, 1785.*—‘The Lord healeth the broken in heart.’ Whether broken by sin, or natural sorrow, the Lord can heal. My heart is broken off from relatives, friends, and country: but His understanding is infinite: Be still my heart, suffer his great understanding to guide thee, and follow without reluctance or repining.”

“‘My time is in thy hands.’ My time of continuance in London, in health, in sickness, in life; my time of inward distress, or inward peace; of outward suffering or outward prosperity: As I am in thy power, so let me be in thy favour, O Lord!”

“‘Trust in him at all times.’ When you have no health, no money, no friends, no inward comfort—in darkness, in danger, in death—O, my soul, trust the Lord!”

“‘Behold the fowls of the air; consider the lilies of the field.’ I have much need of this lesson to instruct me in Christian resignation, and trust in God. I wish to walk

\* Few or no dates are affixed to the journal; but a text from Scripture marks the beginning of each day’s meditation.

before the Lord with simplicity of intention, and simplicity of dependence. At present I have but little in possession, and know not whence the next necessary supply must come. I am comforted with—‘Your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of these things:’ my expectation is from him; he is faithful and gracious, and I will yet trust him. And truly hath the Lord answered my morning prayer! Walked to Islington, and visited Mr. and Mrs. ——. He borrowed of me a small sum when he was in town, some time ago, which I had entirely forgotten, and asked me if I had received it in a letter; he might well wonder at my silence, for I could not answer what I never had received. He gave me the amount, and intends inquiring of the postmaster respecting the letter for which he had paid treble postage. Thus my Lord has unexpectedly supplied my present wants, and given me further cause to trust in him at all times of difficulty.”

“‘Looking unto Jesus.’ I dare not look to any one else for help, pardon, and protection. Lord, increase my faith! This day is gone also; my last day will come, and then

I shall be no more straitened in mind or circumstances as I now am.”

“ ‘ Be careful for nothing, but in every thing, by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God.’ This is a plain gospel rule: there is no enthusiasm in making known our wants, whether temporal or spiritual, to God. I am hence encouraged to hope in the Lord for a supply of all my necessities: He knows how little I possess at present, and all my future need. To-day I am provided for; to-morrow is not yet mine. My God, I consider my present support as absolutely thy gift, and thy provision as was the manna sent down from Heaven, or the water from the rock; and while there is either cloud or rock, may I never despair of thy mercy.”

“ ‘ Order my footsteps in thy word, and let not any iniquity have dominion over me.’ I dare not be unfaithful to God, because I am absolutely dependent upon him. I desire to walk uprightly, and to have my steps, affections, wishes, and actions, ordered by the written word, because his loving-kindness is great. Hide not thy face, O Lord, or

I shall not only be moved from my confidence in thee, but I shall be tossed in the troubled waves of iniquity. I am now to reside in Chelsea, and have very little money and food to provide for my wife and self. The Lord will provide; nay, he hath given me a precious token of this, this evening; for unexpectedly were sent in various supplies for the table from Mr. C. It is the gift of the Lord! Thanks—thanks!”

“‘O fear the Lord, there is no want to them that fear him.’ If it were not for such blessed words as these, I should greatly fear want; but I know he is the faithful God, and will supply all my wants; I have only to do his work and proceed quietly in the path of duty. Read at church, returned home very poorly, which calls for a greater exercise of faith.”

“‘The word of the Lord is tried.’ My God thou art faithful; my strength has been equal to the exertions of this day.\* Major — came this morning to church, and begged me to make use of a ten-pound note as

\* Mr. Brown probably officiated as curate for some person at this time at Chelsea. But no mention is made of any such engagement in his journal.

long as I wished. I had but two shillings remaining, which I left this evening with a poor soldier, whose wife lay in of twins, which last Sunday I baptized. My God continue to help me to serve thee, and follow me this day and every day with thy blessing.”

“‘They that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing.’ Thou hast given me, O Lord, fresh grounds to trust thy testimonies; if I am faithful thou wilt provide.—Went to town, called on Dr. Benamor and Rev. Mr. Cecil. Mr. C. offered to make me his curate, or, if I would stay in England, procure me a very important and valuable one, namely, at Madeley, where the pious Fletcher has long been labouring. This strengthens my hands and hopes, that the Lord will find me employment for him, if I be obliged to relinquish my present *fixed* thoughts respecting India.”

“‘Wait on the Lord.’ Lord point out the way in which I am to go; I am now at a stand. Thou canst open a path through the seas for me; thou canst give me all the help, money, and comforts that I need. God vouchsafe me patience to endure.”——“I

will fear nothing if the Lord give me a pure intention, and make me upright before him.”

——“ ‘ While I live I will lift up my hands in thy name.’ Lord I am this day about thy work; I put my secular concerns into thy hands; I will lift up my hands in thy name and trust thee for the morrow. Lord help!”——“ ‘ O magnify the Lord with me.’ Received a most affectionate letter from my dear mother, with a pecuniary supply; now know I that the Lord heareth prayer.”——

“ ‘ Forsake me not, O Lord!’ If the Lord depart from me, what a wretch I should be—moneyless, friendless, healthless, and helpless! Lord help me to keep close to thee in the way of duty, and then I will not fear the absence of any of thy blessings.”

These extracts will give the reader some idea of the humble, believing, praying spirit of this man of God; and perhaps few passages in the history of any man’s experience could be more useful than those we have just quoted from Brown’s. Difficulties of all kinds are, like afflictions, common to man, but perhaps none occur more frequently to the great mass of mankind, or less frequently send the thoughtless to a throne of

grace, than those which are of a pecuniary nature. Yet let the Christian only be found in the path of duty, and in the use of means, of which prayer to God assuredly is one, and then he that catereth for the sparrow, and feedeth the young ravens when they cry unto him, will never belie his name or his promise, but as he has said, so will he do—‘The Lord will provide’—Jehovah-jireh is his memorial unto all generations.

About this time it appears that Mr. Brown had the prospect of going to Calcutta by a Danish East Indiaman, but the means of proceeding with any comfort, or even perhaps of being able to avail himself at all of the opportunity of accomplishing this long-wished for object, were evidently much wanted. In this dilemma, as in all his other troubles, this good man gave himself unto prayer. The following quotations from his journal mark the state of his mind, and record the goodness of his covenant-keeping God:

“The prospect of going by the Danish Indiaman much increased; but how am I encompassed! The Lord, however, by one step more, can make the matter perfectly easy

and practicable; and that is by inclining the Court of Directors to assist me with an advance: but I cannot, I will not presume to mark out the line. I give it up totally into the Lord's hands, who works by means I least expect."

"'When thou liest down thou shalt not be afraid; yea, thou shalt lie down and thy sleep shall be sweet.' Varied, wearied, and distracted as this day has been, I commit for this night's peaceful rest, myself and my concerns, into the hands of my heavenly Father, and have hope in him."

"'The Lord hath done great things for us whereof we are glad.' Great things hath he effected for me this day. The Court of Directors have agreed to advance me three hundred guineas: this is the Lord's doing! I will praise thee, for thou hast heard me! Prayerless as I am, yet he hath fulfilled my desires though I have but faintly looked up."

"'The Lord hath been mindful of us, he will bless us.' What he hath done, together with what he promises to do to such as commit their way to him, is the anchor which keeps me from being driven and dashed to pieces against the rocks of sense and doubt.



Received at the India House three hundred and fifteen pounds. It is the Lord's doings, and marvellous in our eyes."——“‘Thou hast been my help, leave me not, neither forsake me, O God of my salvation.’ These words are the voice of my inmost soul. Through the goodness of God I have this day discharged my debts, having paid for our board and lodging. My God supply my future wants as thou hast done the past, and I will ascribe the glory unto thee who alone canst help me.”

The Lord having thus, in his adorable Providence, opened a way for his servant's departure from England, Mr. Brown appears, on the 14th of November, 1785, to have left London for Gravesend, where he embarked on board the Indiaman. One or two extracts from his journal at this time are all our limits will afford. They are not without interest:

“‘He that walketh uprightly, walketh surely.’ Lord, this is my aim and desire: pardon my errors and cause me to walk in a sure path. Rev. Mr. Simeon came, and with letters from both my Lloyds; it is too much! Lord strengthen my heart!”

“ ‘Behold I am with thee, and will keep thee in all places whither thou goest.’ This and the foregoing chapter were read this morning, and commented on by Rev. Mr. Newton, who directed a word to me.”——  
“Preached at Chelsea for the last time in England, Sunday, 13th November, 1785, from Psalm iv. 6. Read in the afternoon, and returned to sup with Mr. Cecil.”

“20th Nov. 1785. I must now look back and trace the particular transactions of the past week, and raise a grateful Ebenezer to my Almighty Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit of love and power, in that I have been led in a way that I knew not, far better than my hopes; a way not of man’s wisdom, but, as I trust, of the Lord. On Monday the 14th, we left London accompanied by our sister and the major: we parted with Mr. Simeon at the Tower, and we reached Gravesend to tea. The fatigue and hurry of this day were great, but the Lord strengthened my body and composed my mind: I looked unto him and he helped me.”

“Nov. 15. After breakfast, and while writing to my dear Houseman, who should

again make his appearance, but our friend Simeon! After dinner, I wrote to my two invaluable Lloyds."

On the 19th the vessel put to sea. Mr. Brown engaged a black woman to wait upon his wife; and as the woman had a fine boy with her, about nine years old, named Mustapha, Mr. Brown engaged him for himself, and with the intention of instructing him. On the 24th, five days after they sailed, they came in view of Cornwall, from whence Mr. Brown took his last look at England. The passage in which this circumstance is narrated, is so characteristic at once of his simplicity, piety, and affectionate disposition, that we quote it with pleasure:

"*24th—Thursday.* The wind contrary. We had a fair view of the coast of Cornwall. I climbed as high as I could, and cast a look at Lizard Point, the extreme south land of England. Here I again solemnly committed my friends, the Church of Christ, and my country, to the Lord my preserver. I begged a blessing for dear Lloyds, Simeon, Houseman, with other faithful ministers of the New Testament, and all that appertain to them; that the Lord may indeed bless them, and

hear our united prayers, that our souls may be purified through the blood of the Lamb, and we accepted in him, so that we may once more, and for ever, meet before the throne of glory, and together adore our Saviour, the ever blessed Immanuel.”

No circumstance of great interest occurred during the voyage of Mr. Brown to India, except indeed the birth of a son, which is noticed in his journal, under date the 13th February, and upon the occasion of reviewing the mercies of God to him in providence. The baptism of the child is also registered there; and the account of it, is given with the journalist's wonted artlessness and extreme simplicity.

“*Feb.* 13, 1786. Though I continue the child of uncertainty, as to human providence, the Lord knoweth my ways and my end. I trust myself to his mercy and guidance. I see his hand. He hath taken from me sickness, and given me health, and hath supplied my temporal wants, so that I do not find myself distressed or dependent on any person about me. Besides, he has taken from me the idols of my heart—my Cambridge friends—and given me one of his own dear children

for a wife, and hath added the blessing of a son. May a review of these circumstances, with others of the Lord's ordering, bow my inmost soul before Him, and cause me to devote life, health, talents, time, wife and child, friends, and all I have, or may have, to the exaltation of my great Immanuel.

“*Feb.* 26. This day I had the unspeakable pleasure of dedicating my child to the Lord by baptism. My wife was remarkably affected with the service, and wept all the time. The attendants and sponsors behaved with attention and civility to us, and testified much satisfaction on the occasion.”

On the 5th day of June, 1786, being the first Monday of the month, when prayer is wont to be made in Great Britain, India, America, and many other parts of the world, for the success of Missions, and for a blessing on Missionaries, Mr. Brown writes in his journal:—“From the mouths of the Ganges I forgot not to call upon the Lord, with my feeble voice, in unison with our dear praying friends in England. We are just entering into a land of strangers—our hope is in the Lord, whose is the silver and the gold, and who giveth favour before men. The appear-

ance of a sail threw the ship into a tumult of joy: about seven we weighed anchor, and discovered our supposed pilot to be but a country ship." On the 8th, however, they reached Calcutta in safety, and landed at the Orphan House, the institution for the orphan children of British officers in India, to superintend which was the object of Mr. Brown's voyage to Bengal. "At six o'clock," says Mr. Brown, "landed with my dear family at the Orphan House. *My prayers are answered!*"

Two days after his arrival at Calcutta, Mr. Brown visited Mr. Grant and Mr. Chambers, and received much delight from their company. He appears, soon after this, to have been appointed chaplain to one of the Company's battalions at Fort William; and on the 18th he entered on his solemn charge of chaplain to the Military Orphan Establishment. Here we are sorry to say his journal for the present nearly closes; and materials are wanting to carry on the narrative of his proceedings much further. The manner, however, in which he discharged the duties of his various offices in Calcutta, may be seen at length in Mr. Simeon's *Memorial Sketch*; while, from

some original letters appended to that work, we shall endeavour to make Mr. Brown continue to narrate his own feelings and occupations, though but briefly, and at long intervals, during his twenty years' residence in India. Before finally leaving his journal, however, one or two extracts may yet be given, worthy the perusal of the reader; they refer to the sentiments with which Mr. Brown undertook the charge of his orphans—to his efforts for commencing a Mission—to his studies in Bengalee—to his feelings, as those of a righteous man, in the midst of much wickedness; and to his uncomplaining and obedient spirit, as a servant to the best of Masters.

“*Sunday, 18th.* I this day entered upon my solemn charge, as chaplain to this foundation, the Military Orphan Establishment. May these souls committed to my care, be led to a saving knowledge of the Lord Jesus, and be instructed in all right things, to the praise and glory of God. O Lord, my joy will be to see them trained in the way in which they should go; but give them thy Spirit, which alone can direct and keep them in right paths.

*July 10.* I am setting my house and affairs in order. Lord, help me to set my heart also to prepare to meet my God. Began my efforts for a Mission about this time.

“*Dec. 3.* Devoted much of this day to Bengalee. I hope the Lord will enable me to acquire this language, in order that I may translate the Scriptures of truth for the poor benighted Heathen of this land.

“*Jan. 1787.* My anxiety and grief for the Mission still continue strong upon my mind. Nothing remains for me but prayer to the Lord, that he will please to raise up men whose *zeal shall never abate of its fervour, and whose exertions shall be unwearyed in carrying on so great a work.*

If Henry Martyn had been called by name, we hardly think he could have been more immediately recognised than by this petition of Mr. Brown: and, doubtless, it was in answer to that and many similar petitions, that the Lord sent to his eastern vineyard a man whose zeal never abated of its fervour, and whose exertions in the service of his Master were unremitting and unwearyed.

“*March, 1787.* My soul thirsteth after a



better country, where the inhabitants follow righteousness, peace, and love; and where Jesus walketh in the midst, conversing as a friend, face to face. The *company* of Heaven is a most delightful meditation! my love-liest friends will there appear in perfect beauty, and the Redeemer himself in the midst, the king of glory! O my Saviour, what earthly prince can do thus for his best friends? Thou art worthy of all my love, talents, strength, and time! Lord help me to devote all these fully to thee alone!

“— Much discouraged at the poor prospect of success in my labours in the ministry. Mr. Lacam said, “Remember Lot, he had not five companions in the way of righteousness.” O Lord, add to our number, and increase our faith, and leave not thyself without witness in this land.

“— O! for the spirit of a Brainerd or a Howard, on whom I have been thinking and conversing this day. Preached at Fort William, and at the Mission Church. As a servant, it is my business to wait and not to murmur. I attend the will and pleasure of another, not mine own. Why should I repine? Lord Jesus be thou exalted in thine

own strength: may I be thy witness for the truth, and thy instrument in calling whom thou wilt call.”

It appears, by the dates of the following letters, that Mr. Brown had not been long settled in India before he prepared to answer all those claims of gratitude and pecuniary obligation for which he was a debtor to the kindness of his friends in England. While this quality of sterling justice is much to be admired, and always to be imitated, yet the delicacy with which it was done was no less amiable; and while Mr. Brown was willing to make an absolute surrender of the property due to another, so that it should and could be no longer his—yet he gave not back the sum of love and gratitude due to the friendship and affection of the donors, but rather was willing that that debt should be enlarged, by permitting them to show kindness to his Indian family :

“ TO REV. M. H. AT CAMBRIDGE.

“ Orphan House, 10th Sept. 1787.

“ I am beginning a native school of young Hindoos, who will not only be my scholars, but my family and property. I mean to

support them partly by their own industry: for this purpose I have bought some land, and am laying a foundation which, I trust, God will raise and prosper. Some pious people here promise me help, and I trust I may rely upon abundant resources. Your bounty to me was great, and at the time you offered it, was more than your circumstances well allowed. Now that I am able, I am unfeignedly willing to return your kindness; but perhaps this will not accord with your liberal feelings: if so, look in a time of love on my Indian family and 'bid them live.' If you decline to accept my offer of your own, I shall write down a donation, in your name, to my native seminary. Pursue the same plan with your dear liberal brother. The ground, &c. have cost me eighteen hundred rupees, (about \$900)—else I would gladly have sent more money home this season: the situation is near the Orphan House, so that I can inspect and manage the concern with great ease."

"TO THE REV. MR. E. CHELSEA.

"1787.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

"Though I afford you but a short letter, it will evidence that I have not forgotten you

or your kindnesses. God has hitherto blessed and prospered me, and continues to deal with me in mercy and not in judgment. I am a debtor to you, but what am I to my God? The riches of his grace are unsearchable; I humbly hope he will make use of me, an unworthy instrument, in spreading the savour of his name in this country: To him be all the glory. I have been at work on the idea of a Mission, and some papers have been sent home on the subject.

“I am obliged to three persons for donations besides you; and if they do not choose that I should return the money with truest gratitude, I must turn it to the use of my Indian family, and set it down, in their names, as subscribed to the native school, which I consider as the first seed of Christianity sown on the native soil of Bengal. Pray, my dear friend, that God may prosper my vineyard. As soon as I have completed my plan, I will send you a sketch of it, that such as approve and are disposed to give it a testimony of their love, may be well informed of the nature of it. I know your zeal, and have in myself an instance of its fervency.

“I have great opportunity here of speak-

ing the word of truth, but have not known of the fruit of it except in one person, a teacher under me. On his mind the gospel seems to have produced a gradual and abiding effect; this is encouragement amid my too fruitless labours. May I be faithful unto death, and may our gracious Lord bless you, my friend, and give you comfort in your ministry.”

To another friend Mr. Brown writes thus: “I have inclosed a bill of exchange, value six hundred rupees, which will cover my debt of ten pounds, which you kindly straitened yourself to assist me with. The surplus must stand against any expenses our sister may have incurred; but if all is clear, let it be as my mite of gratitude in your hands; you will know what good to do with it. If it were a lac of rupees (fifty thousand dollars) I should think it well, yes, happily bestowed.”

While Mr. Brown was thus discharging his debt of gratitude to friends in Europe, he was also endeavouring to express his sense of endless love and gratitude to his Master in Heaven. Nor was he solitary in this work, for, though “among ten millions of

natives," he writes, "we know of no Christian." Yet even in this Sardis there appear to have been a few names who had not defiled their garments; for, in another letter, he says, "Our Lord Jesus has a people who truly fear his name in this place, who meet together every week for prayer and expounding the Scriptures; and once in the month unite their solemn supplications for the spreading of the gospel in all the world, and especially in the provinces."

Mr. Brown continued to hold the chaplaincy on the foundation of the Orphan House, till the autumn of the year 1788; when, in consequence of his persevering labours in officiating gratuitously at the Mission Church for the space of seven months, the managers of the Orphans' Society insisted either upon his quitting that church, or relinquishing his engagements to them. By the advice of his friends, Mr. Brown continued to officiate in the church, and was in consequence dismissed by the Orphan House directors. "I trust," says Mr. Brown, writing on the subject, "that this event will turn to the furtherance of the gospel, which will be a sufficient recompense for the temporal loss

I suffer by the change. I am at present chaplain to the garrison at Fort William, where, in succession, I preach to the whole Bengal army; and I continue to officiate in Calcutta as usual. This is a large field to cultivate.”

Just at this time Mr. Brown appears to have been bereaved of his second child (the first, born at sea, had died in infancy.) He speaks of his loss with sadness, but with submission. Writing to a friend, immediately after speaking of the Mission Church, he says: “Your feeling heart will be moved to hear that again a dear child, the last that the Lord lent us, died last month under inoculation. This is the second that we have been called upon to resign in the same manner. We are now once more childless; but the Lord’s mercies are not few. He made this last stroke *so soft*, that it was no more than a blow from the tenderest father. He healed us, and enabled us to say, ‘Thy will be done;’ and ‘Blessed be his name,’ was the true language of our souls. We felt, by sensible experience, that God is love, and were remarkably filled with consolation. Our faith saw our child in Abraham’s bo-

som. Ah! happy change for one we so tenderly love!"

Mr. Brown, undismayed by discouragements, continued to increase in zealous exertions, not only in regard to the Missionary institution, and to the progress of the children in the native schools, but in the preaching of the everlasting gospel. Having established a weekly lecture, it became so well attended, that he was induced to continue it. In addition to the lecture, he catechized at the church on Friday afternoons; on his separation from the Orphan Society, he received pupils into his own house, and his domestic school was numerous. He was also a stated visiter at the hospital and gaol, where his ministrations were singularly blessed to many a poor convict.

In 1794, he received an appointment to the chaplaincy of the Presidency; but, notwithstanding the additional fatigue which such an office necessarily accumulated, he still continued his services twice a-day at the Mission Church—once at the garrison, and once at the Presidency. In the year 1800, when he was appointed Provost of the College of Fort William, a still wider range of



usefulness opened before him, in which he laboured with unwearied diligence and undiminished zeal. In a most affectionate and interesting communication to the Rev. William Jesse, Mr. Brown alludes to his then recent appointment to the provostship of the College. We wish we could have given the whole of this letter, instead of what our limits alone will allow of, an extract; for it seems to carry us back to days of the purest and simplest tone of feeling and expression, and is just such a letter as one might imagine the youth Timothy would have written to 'Paul the aged.'

After alluding to the circumstance of his having met with some old book of Mr. Jesse's, and saying, "I was delighted with its doctrines—those doctrines which I had heard drop from your lips, more than twenty-five years ago, and which then distilled as the dew into my ears;" and stating, "that the foundation, under God, which he had laid in him, and upon which the beloved man of God, Joseph Milner, of blessed memory, had built, Jesus Christ and him crucified,"—had been the theme of his preaching for fourteen years, he adds—"I have for some years been

first chaplain at this Presidency, and for about ten years have had a Sunday evening and weekly lecture at the Old Mission Church. I have a full church; and several of the first rank in this settlement attend. Some of them know the truth as it is in Jesus, and feel the power of his resurrection on their hearts. God has given me to find favour in the eyes of our governors-general, Marquis Cornwallis, Lord Teignmouth, and Marquis Wellesley. The last has lately founded a College at Fort William, of which he has been pleased to appoint me the provost; and my friend, Mr. Buchanan, a man of eminent learning, and an able minister of the New Testament, vice-provost. It is my peculiar office to teach the Christian religion to the junior servants of the company. I rejoice at this wonderful call, and pray that I may have grace and wisdom to declare the whole counsel of God. I intreat your prayers, my dear reverend sir, that I may be found faithful—*faithful* unto death. I thank you for the account you have given me of your family. God hath dealt bountifully with you. When I read what you say of your present labours, I long to be your

curate, that I might copy still closer after you in example than I do in doctrine.”

Mr. Brown closes his letter with the following brief account of his own family:

“By my former marriage, I have a daughter eight years of age. I had three sons who died, under inoculation, in infancy. In my present wife, God hath given me a help meet for me, one who truly fears him, and delights in his law, and meditates therein day and night. I have two sons, one three years old, and the other two; all these have been carried safely through the small-pox. I beg my most affectionate regards to Mrs. Jesse. In your next, mention some of your old friends, and write to me of the signs of the times. My wife is sensibly touched with your letter, and begs me to add her respects. I am, my most dear sir, your affectionate son, and servant,

D. BROWN.”

The following observations on the love of money occur in a letter to a friend, and seem to have been written in the bitterness of a good man's heart: “My prayer is now principally directed against the root of all evil,

the *love of money*. It has cast off from me, on the right hand and on the left, many of whom I had hoped better things. O! when shall the Lord's people turn not again unto folly! There are few who do it not in one way or other. I have compassion, having myself also been tempted; but, from what I have seen, I dread particularly the consequences of growing rich; not that I am in any danger of being so, but a very little money does the business. One thousand or ten thousand a year is the same in operation. 'Give me neither poverty nor riches,' is a safe prayer. It is a prayer against riches, and as such I use it, though in no likelihood of becoming rich. If more come than occasion require, I trust I shall cast my bread upon the waters; the Lord help me so to do!"

To the above extract, we may well add the following letter; which so exhibits the mind and temper of a man living in the world, yet far, far above it, as cannot fail to interest every pious reader, and bring in glory to him whose grace is so precious, and whose service is so sweet:

“ Calcutta, 26th April, 1806.

“ MY DEAR M.

“ If Mr. ——— received my letter, you will have heard of my resolution to write to you by the first ship; and then I shall not surprise you. I may well call it *resolution*, for it requires both firmness and courage to face a long neglected friend.

“ It has long seemed to me scarcely worth while to renew my acquaintance with a country from which I have felt myself cut off for ever. My calls of duty have always been heavy and incessant. I have reckoned on being found dead in harness, not quitting my toils on this spot till I laid my head at rest on the lap of earth. As the weary day-labourer, returning home at night to sink into oblivion, feels little or no interest in objects beyond his cottage; so all my views have long been confined to the region of Calcutta, the scene of my labours and trials, and, let me also add, of my comforts; for I can sing both of mercy and of judgment. This long seclusion from all my friends in England has not been entirely the effect of melancholy; but I have looked on myself as chained to the oar for life, without any pro-

bability of ever being loosed from it. I therefore never dared permit 'the thoughts of home to rush on my nerves,' for if I had, they would soon have 'drunk my vigour up,' and I should not this day have been in the land of the living. I have found peace in driving from me thoughts of home: I have inwardly said a thousand times, I am dead to them, why should they hear of me any more!

"The idea of making a competency, and returning to England to enjoy it, never occupied my attention for a single moment, because utterly impracticable under existing circumstances. I might, it is very true, in the course of years have made some independence, if I would have walked in crooked paths; but from these I have been, through mercy, preserved. The chaplains' allowances in India go not beyond the moderate support of a family, unless other means are resorted to.

"Believing that all events are under the control of Divine Providence, I must believe that 'whatever is,' though contrary to human wishes, views, or passions, is right, 'is best.' This reconciles me to every dispen-

sation of the Most High, who ordereth all things in heaven and in earth for our ultimate good.

\* \* \* \* \*

“ You will be happy to hear, that the Portuguese congregation is taking root again. There are many thousands of that class of people, of every description, in Calcutta, in a dreadful state of ignorance and neglect. For about eighteen months, I have employed an able and zealous preacher, who was formerly a Roman Catholic priest; both Mr. Buchanan and myself are persuaded of his sincerity. He has now been full two years under my eye, and I have reason to be satisfied with his morals and principles. I have hitherto subsisted him at my own expense;\* I should be happy if the Society for promoting Christian Knowledge would grant him the allowance they meant to give Ringeltaube. I can commit this matter to no hands better than your own. I continue to preach in the Mission Church twice every week: it is attended by members of the different boards, and several others of the first rank of society, being

\* At the expense of eight hundred sicca rupees per annum, which he freely bestowed on this purpose.

no longer stigmatized 'as a place befitting only stable-boys and paupers.' The junior chaplain, Mr. Limerick, reads prayers every Sunday evening. I mean to continue the work, notwithstanding my additional duties through my connexion with the College; for I shall find my account in it, when I render up my stewardship."

That stewardship Mr. Brown was, in the year 1812, called to render up; and the last act of his life, while in his Master's service here, was the publication of the First Report of the Calcutta Auxiliary Bible Society. To this object he gave the most laborious attention in the midst of much bodily suffering, saying, "I cannot lie by till I have done my work; this accomplished, I will submit myself to my physician." "The nature of this employment," says Mr. Simeon, "called for extreme personal application of the most irksome description. After having prepared the selection for the approbation of the committee, at whose meeting he was too ill to attend, he had then to make as great exertions for bringing the Report through the press, which he accomplished with most laborious exactness, and with no competent



help. Among hundreds of names of subscribers he explored and rectified the blunders of careless native clerks of the treasurer who received subscriptions; he had to decipher their puzzling orthography both of persons and places, and to ascertain rank, exact address, &c., over the face of all Hindoostan. This fatiguing application Mr. Brown underwent, that no possible impediment might be thrown in the way of the establishment of the Bible Society in India. Hence the last flashes of the vital spark were directed to spreading information of it in the widest direction."

But when the moment of repose appeared approaching, and when this indefatigable labourer was ready to say, and had said, "Now, no more work, send for my doctor," it pleased the Sovereign Disposer of all events, in the course of his inscrutable but adorable providence, to make it necessary for him to resume his labour; for on the 11th of March, 1812, occurred the memorable fire at Serampore, in which the Mission press, with many works of great value, was consumed, and which also destroyed the whole impression of the Bible Society Report, with

the exception of two copies, one of which had happily been despatched, though but an hour before, to the Right Honourable Lord Teignmouth; and the other, which was in Mr. Brown's possession, enabled him, without a moment's delay, to commence a second edition.

“Through a period of dreadful bodily suffering,” continues the author of *Memorial Sketches*, “he once more accomplished the bringing his Report through a Calcutta press, and effected its distribution—when, as if a load were removed from off his feelings, he was permitted an interval of some weeks' rapid and nearly perfect recovery.”

It was probably in this interval of convalescence that Mr. Brown wrote the following sentences in his Diary:—“*April 5, 1812.* On Wednesday the 18th of March, my strength was expended. Having despatched to Calcutta the Report of the Auxiliary Bible Society, with my last directions to the printer, the Lord made my strength to fail. I then felt myself sinking fast: I said, ‘My times are in thy hand.’ I could trust all confidently with God, nor was the adversary permitted to assault me for a mo-

ment; yet I said to myself all that he could allege or invent against me. From Easter day my strength sensibly recovered, and to this day I have been going 'from strength to strength.' "I will sing of mercy and judgment; unto thee, O Lord, will I sing.'"

"*April 7.* Much tried yesterday by a letter. This morning tranquillity restored. Consulted my Bible, and found what I desired—a word in season. 'Let your moderation be known unto all men; for charity edifieth.' Lord, give me a right spirit of meekness to show all lenity to my fellow Christians; for 'he who lays the long-suffering of the Son of God truly to heart, and considers how gently he has treated, and still treats him, must needs be moderate towards all men, and think, if nobody else bear with others, surely I must!'

"*April 19.* Instead of being able to improve Sunday the 12th, as proposed, I was confined to my bed, having been seized on Friday evening with violent spasms affecting the organs of respiration, which continued twelve hours. I was relieved by powerful remedies, but which left me languid and exhausted some days.

“ ‘Thy gentleness hath made me great;’ or as the word might be rendered, Thy loving-correction hath made me great—thy dealings by discipline have done great things for me. Many have spoken well on the subject of affliction,” continues Mr. Brown, in the last fragment which remains of his hand-writing, and which gives pleasing evidence of his state of feeling, as he drew closer upon the margin of the dividing stream,—“ Many have spoken well on the subject of the benefit to be derived from affliction; and none better than the Psalmist, who had large experience. The advantages which arise from the discipline of personal affliction or sickness are, That it enables us to try our principles, what they are respecting God, holiness, and the hope given us in the gospel. It enables us to examine our hearts with respect to our departure, whether we can willingly leave this life in expectation of something better—of that which Paul discovered to be better. Other Christians, in proportion as they have the same views and hope, will have the same desire. Our personal affliction enables us to speak to the edification of others: we cannot but recom-

mend what we have found to be eminently useful to ourselves.”

The few weeks of recovery which promised to Mr. Brown nearly perfect renovation of health, led him again into exertions prematurely made, and far exceeding the ability of his exhausted strength. His disorder returned with more alarming violence than ever, and he suffered much in body and much in mind, during the period of his illness. He was however finally prevailed on to go out to sea, as the sole remaining remedy for his shattered constitution. To this he consented, in the hope that some new sphere of usefulness might open to him in the course of his voyage. But the vessel in which he embarked for Madras, struck on a sand bank, in her passage down the bay. He was brought back to Calcutta, under the worst possible circumstances for an invalid, being obliged to sleep, exposed to the night air, upon the deck of the vessel which conveyed him on shore from the stranded India-man. He was, however, through the mercy of God, brought back to his dear family, and though he never again reached his own

house, he was surrounded by its inmates. "During the fortnight that he lingered after returning from the ship," says his biographer, "his recovery repeatedly appeared hopeful. His last morning was particularly calm, collected, and resigned; and his last breath spoke thankfulness for the merciful consolations showered down upon him, and the great kindnesses that had been shown him on every hand, and his confidence in the gracious purposes of God. While in the act of thus expressing his humble gratitude to God and man, he closed his eyes—raised his feeble hands, and still moved his lips in inward worship—but his voice was heard no more!"

A funeral sermon was preached on his death, at each of the churches where he had been accustomed to officiate in Calcutta. The government afforded immediate aid to his helpless family. A subscription for the publication of a selection of his sermons being set on foot, was rapidly filled up, and furnished the means of enabling his widow to return to Europe. His fear of accumulating riches had indeed been altogether

groundless, as the only legacy he left to his children, was the inestimable jewel of a "GOOD NAME."

Thus lived and died these three Labourers in the East. Surely they are blessed—their works do follow them—their own works praise them in the gates. Called to bear the burden and heat of the day, under a burning sun, and on a barren soil, they fainted not; therefore have they reaped a rich reward of God and man; a harvest of gratitude—of love—of esteem—of every amiable and delightful affection which one human being can feel for another, or one race of men pay to the worth of those who have gone before them. The soil in which they laboured was indeed unpromising: but, even there, the good seed of the word fell into some good ground, bringing forth fruit to the praise of Him who both ministered seed to the sower, and strengthened the hands of the labourer, and withheld not from the tender blade either the former, or the latter rain. Behold! lift up your eyes; the fields are again white unto the harvest

O! pray that the Lord would send forth more Labourers—that he would send forth—you! Is there none among you who will answer the cry, “Who will go for us?” and say, “Here am I, send me.” None who, like Buchanan, has a heart large enough to bear upon it the wants of two hundred thousand human beings, and rest not till it provide for them the bread that came down from Heaven, and give them to drink from the well of the water of life?—None who, like Martyn, with patience, with gentleness, with zeal, with the dauntless courage of a primitive confessor, is ready to stand forth amid hosts of Moslems, and, raising his fearless voice above their loudest shout, declare, that God is God, and Christ is the Son of God?—O! we trust that there are many such; and, though those to whom we address this little volume, may not be qualified to become Labourers in the East, yet let them turn to the North or to the South—for the North will give up, and the South will not keep back—and they shall bring to the church her sons from afar, and her daughters from the ends of the earth!—Up!



then, and be doing, dear Christian youth, and the Lord your God be with you! and may your names one day be found enrolled among the renowned of the congregation—among those who were accounted princes of the tribes of their fathers—heads of thousands in Israel!

# APPENDIX

TO THE

## LIFE OF THE REV. HENRY MARTYN.

THE Rev. Eli Smith, who in company with the Rev. H. G. O. Dwight, visited Tocat in 1830, on a Missionary exploring tour into Armenia, thus writes :

“Had I time, I would with pleasure describe to you all the interesting and important observations we have made; but as I am limited in that respect, I will pass on to this place, so intimately associated in the mind of every friend of missions with the name of Martyn. We have to-day visited the grave of that excellent and devoted missionary. From the manner in which his death is mentioned in his Memoir, we had anticipated some difficulty in finding even the place of his burial. But here we found that any one could tell us that, and were immediately directed to the principal Armenian cemetery, around the church of Cassun Manunk\* (Forty Children) at the north east

\* Or, Cârâsoon Mânog.

extremity of the town. Here the priest showed his tomb stone, which is distinguished from those of the Armenians around, only by a Latin inscription.

“ We had expected to obtain some information respecting his death from the parish priest who buried him; but he is dead, and the present incumbent could only refer us to two Armenian merchants, of whom he said some English gentlemen, who copied the inscription a year ago, had made inquiries. These gentlemen, however, we found on inquiry, knew no more than that he probably died in the post-house. We found the post-master a careless old Turk, little disposed to trouble himself with answering our inquiries, though he probably might have given us information had he been disposed, as, although the person who was then post-master has since died, he was then the clerk of the establishment. He professed to recollect only that he arrived sick, that some Armenians administered to him medicine, that he died after four or five days, that the Tartar with whom he travelled took his trunk on to Constantinople, and that a year or two after, an Englishman, whom he supposed to

be his brother, passed along and erected a monument on his grave. Whether he died in the post-house, and of the plague which was then raging, he knew not. On leaving him, we were referred to another Armenian merchant, as probably able to give us information. We found that he had not seen Martyn himself, but that his cousin had attended upon him in his sickness. This cousin, however, is now dead, and the merchant himself could only inform us that as the plague was then raging so terribly, that hundreds died in a day, it was not probable that any Armenian would admit him into his house, and he must have died in the post-house and very probably of the plague. A year after, an English traveller from Bagdad wrote the inscription and left money to erect the monument, with a person whom he appointed to see that it was done. This is all the information we have been able to obtain respecting the death of Martyn. Scanty as it is, we have taken no small interest in collecting it."

THE END.







